THE PHOENIX

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VOLUME VIII NOS. 3&4

Henry Miller was European editor of

The Phoenix

in its early years

THE PHOENIX

Volume 8 Nos. 3 & 4 Summer 1982

The letters of Henry Miller

with a note by its editor

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The letters of Henry Miller to *The Phoenix* began in July of 1937. Then 28, I asked him to become our European editor. He did. Henry Miller died recently. And I became ill from a serious malady. So I decided to publish this, and I did.

18 Villa Seurat
Paris (xiv)
July 12, 1937

Mr. James P. Cooney,
Maverick Road,
Woodstock, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Cooney,

A friend of mine sent me a clipping recently from a N.Y. paper announcing the birth of a new magazine to be called *The Phoenix*. No doubt the first number is already set up. But if not, and if in this first number you would care to have something from me about Lawrence, I should be glad to contribute. I intend to finish next year a very long book on Lawrence. I have now some 300 or more pages finished, and, if you are interested, would send you a fragment or two. But please let me know the maximum length you accept. Most of the sections are from 20 to 30 pages type-

written—250 words to a page approximately.

I write you first, instead of mailing them pronto, because you are doubtless being swamped with manuscripts. The program of your coming magazine sounds good to me. I have plenty of other material—along the lines suggested. That is precisely my forte.

As you have probably never heard of me—I have been living in and publishing from Paris the last seven years—I enclose a few announcements gotten out by my fool publisher. All three of my books are banned in America and England—but one of them, *Black Spring*, is now about to be published in French, by Stock. And a very long essay from the Lawrence book, dealing more with Proust and Joyce then Lawrence himself, will appear in September in the French revue *Cahiers du Sud*. The section is called

"The Universe of Death." (36 typewritten pages). No American editor will publish it, seemingly. My agent, Marion Saunders, 27 East 35th St., N.Y. has a copy of the manuscript. If you could publish it—even in installments—I rather think it would be good for you. It describes that end of the world condition which Proust and Joyce exemplify, and out of which Lawrence, practically alone, emerged. I am one of the few who believe that Lawrence is only beginning to be understood—that he will have a place fifty and a hundred years from now. Well, enough. Let me hear from you if this means anything to you.

Sincerely yours,
Henry Miller

And luck to you! with your venture!

18 Villa Seurat
Paris (xiv)
August 24, 1937

Dear Mr. Cooney,

Just got your letter from San Cristobal—and tell me, is Aldous Huxley still there? I have been trying to reach him and lost all traces.

Yes, do see Marion Saunders. She has quite a few manuscripts of mine to show you, besides the "Universe of Death" one. I am sending you under separate cover another fragment of the *Lawrence* book, called "Soil and Climate." By the way, are you going to pay your contributors or not? I am curious. But it is not a determining factor, please understand.

I have asked Miss Saunders to lend you her copies of *Tropic* and of *Black Spring*, if she possibly can. If not, let me know, and I shall try to get you them some other

way. You know that the censor himself is working on Morris Ernst, or rather working on his partner, Alexander Lindey. Do you know either of them?

I doubt very much, if at the present moment, you can publish my books serially in America. I would like it, to be sure, but I am fairly certain you will only kill your magazine. Better wait until you have read the books. There are, of course, good big blocks, especially in *Black Spring*, which might be published. Laughlin, of New Directions, has already published two sections of it, and intends to publish a third one this Fall. Perhaps some of the *Lawrence* book would be better, for the time being. And then, as I say, Saunders has other MSS. to submit to you, if you are interested.

I hope you will send me a copy of the first number of *Phoenix* and let me know about things more definitely in the near fu-

ture. Do you know my friend John Nichols, the painter, at Woodstock? A rum bird, with a great sense of humor and a wonderful gift of the gab. Will send you a copy of the first issue of the *new Booster* soon as it is out. It's going to be a strange magazine.

Cordially yours,
Henry Miller

Editorial Offices:
18 Villa Seurat,
Paris (14e).
October 14th

Dear Mr. Cooney,

Would you be kind enough to forward the enclosed material to Aldous Huxley for me, as I do not know his address. If you have time you might take a glance at the essay, the reprint, from the *Criterion*.

When does the *Phoenix* come out? And what have you decided to use of mine, if I may ask?

I am sending you a second number of the *Booster* in a day or two.

We are bringing out this special number of the WOMB for Christmas, as you see from my letter to Huxley. I think it will make a hit—in more ways than one.

My best to you and to the happy birth of the *Phoenix*.

Sincerely,
Henry Miller

18 Villa Seurat,
Paris (14e).
Nov. 18, 1937

Dear Mr. Cooney,

I have a disquieting letter from my agent in N.Y., Miss Marion Saunders. She tells me that she is unable to get any response to her letters, and worse, cannot get back from you the manuscripts which she gave you. Now, my dear Cooney, I do hope you will not be fucking me up. If the *Phoenix* has died a still-birth please don't take it out on a poor author. Have the decency, I beg you, either to reassure her as to your intentions, or mail her back the manuscripts in question. I had a choice of placing my things in different quarters, and I told her to give you the preference. So there you are.

Sincerely yours,
Henry Miller

18 Villa Seurat
Paris (xiv)
(Undated)

Dear Cooney,

With your letter this morning came one from Marion Saunders stating that Dorothy Norman, who is getting out a new magazine called *The American Quarterly*, had also accepted my "Universe of Death" essay. I have written both of them that you are to have it, even though you probably don't pay a cent and she does—so you know where my heart lies, old cock. And I am very glad, especially glad to know that you will publish "Un Etre Etoilique" in the second issue, only please don't promise me things if you can't perform, will you? I understand the nature of fatalities, accidents, etc. and make due allowances for them—but as much as possible talk only about what you are fairly sure you can

realize, and we will get along O.K. I will see Miss Nin to-night and tell her about everything, and you may be sure it is O.K. in advance. Anyway, she will write you herself pronto.

About the title of that essay—please know that "The Universe of Death" is the title of the essay, not the book. The essay is a fragment from the book, *The World of Lawrence*. I will probably finish this book about the middle of next year, as I am working on other things now. It will be given to Knopf, according to terms of my contract with them. I am to submit three books. Have done so with one already, and it was rejected. That was the book *Max and the White Phagocytes*, a collection of stories, portraits and essays, including the Anais Nin essay, "The Universe of Death," et cetera. Marion Saunders is still peddling it about in America.

If, when you are ready to publish your books, she has not sold it, why I might let you consider it. It will be brought out here in any event by the Obelisk Press, either early next year or towards Summer. That does not prevent an American edition being brought out—in fact, it helps. But about all that more anon, when you see your way clear. It is quite a big volume—over 450 typewritten pages.

It is possible too that Knopf's will reject *Lawrence* my book—I haven't much faith in them—they're too conservative. In which case we might talk about that, which would be very close to your heart. But that too is a very long book—nearer 700 or 800 pages than 400. Have already done nearly 400 and still a ways to go. Incidentally, that "Universe of Death" essay is now coming out in French in the revue *Cahiers du Sud*, Marseilles. Translated by

Henri Fluchere, who recently translated *The Duchess of Malfi* which was played here expressly for the Exposition goers.

I'm very glad to know you've decided to do things yourself in your own way and I wish you all the best of luck. It is the only way to do things to-day. You must take the bull by the horns, and not try to compete with the dead commercial magazines. A *good* magazine in America to-day ought to have a clear field of it—I don't know of *one* really good one on the market.

About taking over the European editorship, why yes, I would be quite willing, though I don't know how capable I am. At any rate, pro tem, and if you find some one better than myself why go to it. My only reason for doing anything is to see things get done. I am no absolutist or perfectionist. Things must move. Movement (not futile activity)!

I am suggesting to several people now to get in touch with you and send manuscripts. They will mention my name. In America there is one guy, the fellow I am collaborating with on the *Hamlet* book, Michael Fraenkel. His address is c/o Walter Lowenfels, New City, Rockland County, New York. Ask him to show you his essay called "29 Points on the Weather," or his essay on "Active Negation," or fragments from the *Hamlet* book. He is not a communist, though Jewish. (Lowenfels is both and of no use to you, I think).

I will especially get after Lawrence Durrell for you, whom I think you will like. An Englishman born at the Tibetan border, lived in India until fifteen years old or so, a fine writer and a fine chap—a real white man in every sense. Only 25 years old. I am getting my publisher to

bring out next year his *Black Book* which I consider an astounding work.

We are bringing out, in conjunction with the *Booster*, a number of brochures (from 60 to 100 pages long) at 15 frs. each (50 cents in America). The first one will be out soon. "Money and How it Gets That Way," by myself. A travesty on the subject. Can you act as a distributor up there in Woodstock? Or is there a bookshop in town which would order a few?

Do let me know when the first number will appear. And would you like to insert an ad, a full page ad, in the *Booster*? We would give you a special rate of 100 francs for a full page one insertion. (30 frs. to the dollar approximately). If so, if you send it in soon, we could have it in time for the January issue. Our next number, December, will be on the WOMB.

Shall write you hereafter directly to

Woodstock, unless you notify me otherwise.

Also, about stuff from Europe. What are you going to do? Print in the original language or translate? And if the latter, have you someone capable to do the translating—from French, German, or any other languages?

I give you the name of a Swedish critic, poet and reviewer, whom you should send a copy of the first number to: Artur Lundkvist, Bastugatan 17, Stockholm, Sweden. I can give you other European names for review purposes if you want them. Sylvia Beach would probably handle the magazine for you in Paris, also Brentano's of course. Or my own publisher might well arrange a thorough European distribution, if you made it worth his while. He has the means and the connections.

Yours,
Henry Miller

18 Villa Seurat
Paris (xiv)
Oct. 3, 1937

Dear Leonard Robinson,

I had a glance at the letter you wrote Betty Ryan some weeks ago and meant to write you immediately, to disabuse you of certain fears and premonitions and to instill new ones, better ones—also to greet you warmly and to extend through you my hearty greetings to one Cooney. I do hope that the *Phoenix* has not died in the nest already. There is a reference to the *Phoenix*, via the encyclopaedia, in the Jabberwhorl Cronstadt section of *Black Spring*—how he builds his nest of cassia twigs, etc. You know all about that. Now let good James Cooney build with sound material and all will be well. Let him build quickly, for we have need of the *Phoenix*.

There is the *Booster*, as you know, and

when in utter desperation, there is also the *New English Weekly*, which also does not pay. But we need more room. More pages. More avenues of escape. Tell Cooney for me that I have really *loads* of material. I can keep the *Phoenix* going with my own private fodder for at least a year or two, if he will trust me implicitly. By that I mean he doesn't have to subscribe to my views. I have no cut and dried views. I change with the weather. But I am always myself, nevertheless.

In New City (Rockland County), N.Y. there is one, Michael Fraenkel—c/o Walter Lowenfels (alias Jabberwhorl Cronstadt),—who has in his possession some ten select letters from our forthcoming book, *Hamlet*. They are extra copies which he might show you, if he wanted to. You might like to print some of them in your magazine, I think. If you have lots of space

I offer you my "Letter to Surrealists Everywhere"—about 60 pages—could be done in two or three installments. I have already offered you, via my agent, Marion Saunders, four good fragments from my book on Lawrence, to be finished next year. I have stories for you out of the still unaccepted book, *Max and the White Phagocytes*. I have an article on Blaise Cendrars, whom you should know more about. Read especially *Une Nuit dans la Foret*, (an autobiographical work.)

This morning I am full of oats. I have everything to give—and I don't give a fuck about receiving money for it. I want you to have a good time with your magazine and start a little rumpus, set in motion a few air currents, cause an earthquake, if possible. Only start something soon! We need you. I have at least four staunch and stalwart friends who will feed you inces-

santly—with live, entertaining material of the first water. (No straining and rinsing necessary.)

There is another new magazine starting up—*The American Quarterly*—run by a Dorothy Norman. She too may take something of mine, only I feel in my boots that she is not really my sort. I feel that she is a queasy cunt—The Cuntess of Carthcart in person. I have no grounds for saying this—I just feel it. Now Cooney, on the other hand, sounds good. Miss Saunders says he has big, horny hands that look as though he never touched a pen in his life. Fine! Did he handle manure? Did he curry-comb the mules in Tia Juana? Did he pitch hay? Then I am for Cooney. Give him my best regards. It is Sunday here—as I suppose it is in America too—but this is a fine Roman Catholic Sunday here, which starts at 8 in the morning and goes on all day.

I know a lot about you without knowing you. I am for you too. I am for Aldous Huxley too, though I don't agree with him in the least in any way about anything. In the 2nd number of the *Booster* which you will receive in the next ten days or so, you will see something from the *Black Book* and something from *Capricorn*, direct from "The Ovarian Trolley". You will like these things, my good Leonard Robinson. You will like everything, I know. I say this because, being a friend of Betty Ryan's, you are to me like a gilt-edged bond. You are a good security. I am putting you in the bank right now, to draw interest.

Tell Cooney not to make his review esoteric. Fuck Lawrence a little bit. Remember, he was not God Almighty. He had lots of faults. That's why I like him so much. Don't have those bloody hags writing about him—Frieda, Carswell, the

Taos monster, Mabel, etc. *Don't*! It causes a bad smell. Praise the shit out of him and lambast him at the same time. Don't erect any monuments. We are against monuments of all kinds. "We"—I mean I personally, Inc., Ltd., etc.

As an extra proof of my warm appreciation of you I am enclosing an extra copy of the letter to the Park Commissioner. I want you to read this aloud from the platform of the Communist Party when they take up a collection for the Chinese people. I will send you lots of things if you show me that your heart is in the right place. I want to believe in you, James Cooney, the *Phoenix*, Taos, New Mexico, the United States and the territory of Alaska. I believe that everything will be rosy from now on. *The Phoenix* must not foul its nest. It must rise every hundred years and keep on flying.

What part of the world's soul is Tellumo? asks St. Augustine. And again, elsewhere (idem)—"But does your timbrel, turrets, eunuchs, ravings, cymbals, and lions in all this reference, promise eternal life?" That's it! Can you promise eternal life? Answer by return of post.

Yours faithfully—"and with
good quite remarkably genuine
wishes" (Philip Mairet)—
Henry Miller

(It is just beginning to drizzle a bit.)

18 Villa Seurat,
Paris (14e).
Dec. 30, 1937

Dear Cooney,

Your letter just arrived and I answer immediately as the mails are slow. Yes, I will arrange an ad from the prospectus you sent and you will have a copy of the December issue (only coming out now shortly—with your ad in this issue, if possible, if not, in January issue.) I want to congratulate you on the fine appearance of the prospectus—is that your hand press? Paper and type excellent. And the contents too. You are doing things in style.

I wish you would send me about a dozen of them, if you can. I could make good use of them. Herewith also a list of names I drew up especially for you—if you can send them your prospectus and some of them (critics, writers, etc.) a copy of the

first issue, I think you will get results. The English are particularly good for you—they will give you attention, reviews, and what not. And you'll undoubtedly get subscriptions. But you do not mention the price! Too bad. If you have a slip giving that dope, do insert it.

(Do me a favor, please. Send my old man one of these blanks—the prospectus, I mean—immediately. Henry Miller, 1063 Decatur Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. He is starving to death, I hear, and I am trying my damndest to help him out, though always without money. It will do a little good, if he sees this. The whole family regard me as a failure in every sense of the word.)

I'm very happy to know you lead off with "The Universe of Death." It comes out here Jan. 15th in French, thru *Les Cahiers du Sud*. Henri Fluchere, the trans-

lator, has just been commissioned to translate my *Tropic of Cancer* for Denoel, the publishers of Celine here—very important for me! And I've just sold the Czech rights for same book.

Did I mention that Kahane, my publisher, has made me editor of a special library of the Obelisk Press—to be called The Villa Seurat Series? We begin in February with Lawrence Durrell's *The Black Book*. Next comes my *Max and the White Phagocytes*. Then a collation from the diary of Anais Nin. All by the spring of 1938. Anybody who has a valid, unique work unprintable in England or America can write me and stands a good chance of being published in this series, which is to be sold at 75 francs. I am going to make this press the refuge for the unwanted artist who has something to say.

About contributions for future numbers,

more anon. I am informing everybody. I hope you will like Durrell's work—perhaps I might have him send you a fragment from the *Black Book*, what? Can anybody in your group translate well from French? If so, that would help, as none of us are any good at translating. (I presume you are not paying for contributions—not yet, at any rate, is that right?) No matter.

About leading off with Anais Nin in the second number (with the essay) all right, I should say. Perhaps better. I hope you have the reprint from the *Criterion*—that is the proper version. I made a few changes in the ms.

Maybe later you'd like to see a long short story, which is the title piece for my book (a collection), called "Max." It is about 50 typewritten pages long—good, I think, and nobody will take it. Eliot called it "a superb piece of portraiture" (which

means nothing only it was too long for him.) And it is hard to cut. I have another slightly less long, called "Via Dieppe-Newhaven." Also belongs in this book. And perhaps later too you might be able to publish an excerpt or two from *Tropic of Cancer*.

Didn't Michael Fraenkel write you and send something? He should have a good essay for you. When do you plan to come out? And what price? What price for abroad? Per copy and per subscription?

I don't know what fragments you have from my *Lawrence* book. Let me know soon. I have some fine things from that book, just for you. I hope Eliot doesn't take the one I sent him recently (though I need the dough he would give for it very very much!).

Yes, I feel too that we should be able to collaborate in good style. You are starting at a good time—practically no rivalry any-

where, that I can see. (Except Dorothy Norman—with her *Twice a Year*.) You should get in touch with her. Seems like an intelligent person, and extremely decent. She comes out in the spring with hers. More soon. How is Leonard Robinson? And have you met Nichols?

Addenda.

Sending you also list of Booster Broadsides which, if you wish, you might announce for us. It would be very welcome. As to handling them, distributing them—tell me honestly, have you the facilities for that? Or the time and the energy? Or could you perhaps better recommend some practical, cunning, cagey guy who wants a little dough out of it? Some one has told me to get in touch with Sweeney, the distributor in America of *Transition*. Do you know anything about him? I appreciate your desire to aid, but what is the most practical step?

Incidentally, you probably will not like the first Broadside ("Money and How it Gets that Way" by myself.) Nobody seems to think much of it—except myself. It is altogether different in every way from anything I have ever written. Purposely so. I have many sides. Some sides don't take at all with other people. This is one. I just say this to warn you. So that you don't compromise yourself. As for the one on Surrealism ("An Open Letter to Surrealists Everywhere")—that I think will be liked and accepted in general.

The one on the list, by Durrell's 12 year old brother, should be wonderful. Look at the title. No joshing—the boy is a potential genius. This might make an unexpected hit! I like the boy very much—his poetry, I mean.

Cordially
Henry Miller

18 Villa Seurat,
Paris (14e).
1–21–38

Dear Cooney—

Herewith a couple of specimens of my handiwork, which if they please you, perhaps you would frame one day and put on the wall.

Cordially,
Henry Miller

18 Villa Seurat
Paris (xiv)
(Undated)

My dear Cooney,

Very pleased to get your long letter and very grateful for the patient, sympathetic way you are doing things. The new announcements are most welcome; it was especially interesting to me to see that you have also a music editor—I think it an excellent idea—a real departure! (I almost became a musician, you know! It's the greatest of all the arts, in my opinion.) So I await the first number with tremendous curiosity.

The set-up of my essay was excellent; very few mistakes, and nothing of any great consequence. Don't worry about paying me! If you should have unexpected good luck, why yes, but we mustn't count on that. The important thing is to keep the

magazine alive and going—to get read! You might help me in another way, if you like—I'll come to that presently.

I'm sorry to have disturbed you about my father's condition. There is nothing you can do at the moment. He has a roof over his head—my mother and sister are still alive (my sister is a half-wit). I am doing a little something now and then, and I expect to do more shortly. It was very generous though of you to suggest what you did. I appreciate the intention. Yes, send him the magazine regularly, will you. He will hardly understand what it's all about, but he will show it to my young cousins who are apt to subscribe. (Did you not read my book, *Black Spring*? There's a portrait of him in that which is quite touching.) I have an idea that you haven't read any of my books yet. I must see that you get copies. Let me know first, though. Anyway,

Marion Saunders, my agent, should have extra copies, and until I get some to you she might lend you them. She is at 27 East 35th St., N.Y.C.

I am writing her this mail about a number of manuscripts. The things you say you'd like to see (and which I thought she had already shown you) all form part of my new book, *Max and the White Phagocytes*, which is due to appear in Paris about April, being the 2nd book of the Villa Seurat Collection, of which Kahane has made me editor and director. I would like very much to see the "Max" story printed, or "Via Dieppe-Newhaven," as the book will probably not be allowed in again. (Though this time there is very very little which is censorable.) As for the essay on "Surrealism," that is also in the book, but I am now dickering with a French publisher, Denoel (publishers of Celine and

of my *Tropic of Cancer*, in French) to see if they will print this essay in both English and French as a brochure. All three of these things are rather long, I must tell you. From 40 to 50 pages typewritten. However, for the present, I understand you will print the essay on Anais Nin in the second number—that would be fine. (I hope you have the reprint of the *Criterion* publication, as I revised the original script.)

And this leads me to say that one way in which you could aid me—though I do not wish to impose a burden on you—would be to make a reprint of the "Universe of Death." I am in love with that design of the *Phoenix* which you sent me—that colored one with the little border around it. If that could be used on a paper-covered brochure of this sort and offered to the public at a modest price, I feel it would be valuable to all of us. My printer here does lousy work,

in comparison. He is very cheap, of course. Anyway, tell me what you think of the idea.

About Durrell—his *Black Book* (No. 1, of the Villa Seurat Collection of the Obelisk Press) is in the press now. We will send you proof sheets of the entire book from which you can make a selection for your magazine, if you like his work. We will indicate certain fragments preferred. But you must feel free, with regard to anything I recommend, to reject if you see fit, if it doesn't suit your taste. Incidentally, if any one uses my name in writing you, you had better ask me first, before believing them. I never would have recommended Slotnikoff to you—we are not printing him here. As for Osborn, he is somewhat mad. I am under a great debt to him, as he saved my life here in Paris in the early days. He *thinks* he is a writer. He *wants* to be! He

has a long road ahead of him. Myself, if I have the money, I will publish a volume of his poems from Paris—because I owe him something for all he did. But I cannot pretend that his poems are good. He is interesting though, if you are interested in psychopathic types. Be kind to him—he's in a pitiable condition.

I saw Jack Kahane, my publisher, to-day about the distribution question. (Sylvia Beach is not much good—she is inactive and her place has become a morgue) I will probably write you by the next boat mail as to his decision and terms. He is discussing the matter now with the Continenta Editions through whom he distributes all his own books. The rake-off will probably come to 60%—Continenta charge 52% and must pay booksellers from 33 to 40%. That would leave Kahne himself 8%. You would get, according to this, about $1.20 per copy,

I figure. Anyway, more of this anon. The new address of the Obelisk Press (same as Continenta Editions) is 16 Place Vendome, Paris (1). I believe they would handle everything outside of America for you, if you consent. They have practically a monopoly on English books abroad.

But, whether you agree or not, it is imperative to send me more announcement blanks. They would certainly want all you can furnish, as their list of bookdealers is enormous. I always can use 500, as I too, have an enormous correspondence. The second one (yellow pages), is less expensive, I imagine, and also contains added information, no? (About the music!) I am assuming that you sent out announcements to all the names and organizations on the list I sent you (tho' none of my friends here have yet received them!), and that, when the first number is out, you will be

sending review copies to all the editors and critics on that same list, as I gave you quite a few important ones, especially here on the Continent and in England. You will certainly get reviews from *The Criterion*, *Life & Letters Today*, *New Directions*, *The Townsman*, *Volontes*, *Etudes Englaises*, *Cahiers du Sud*, *Purpose*, etc., and the *T'ien Hsia* monthly, Shanghai—despite the war! and from Dorothy Norman's *Twice A Year*—her address is 1160 Park Avenue, N.Y.C. (Incidentally, I am afraid she will not publish me after all; we are just exchanging rather sharp letters. But I am quite sure she would be in sympathy with what you are doing; she is much interested in Lawrence.) In fact, that is one of the reasons why your magazine ought to go well and travel all around the world. Lawrence left a great host of admirers everywhere. People will prick up their ears when

they hear about the *Phoenix*. You'll see. Don't overlook the South American countries. I am inquiring here at the Spanish Bookshop for good addresses there—reviewers, critics, editors bookshops, etc. (Mexico City may also be important.) In short, I will do everything in my power to help you, because without knowing anything about you, I too have the utmost confidence in you. I like the earnest way you are going about it—and the fact that it is almost a one-man job, a job of faith and courage. Naturally I have a great deal to do. But I will enlist the support of my friends as well. I will certainly remember to dig up all the subscriptions possible. I know money is the most important thing now, and it is heart-breaking to get it. In the Gotham Book Mart, N.Y., you should have a good support in Miss Frances Steloff, the owner. Mention my name if you don't

know her yourself. And above all, keep in close contact with the censor, Mr. Huntington Cairns, of Washington, D.C. whose address I gave you. He has become a very good friend of mine—a real one—and will help you in many ways, I feel sure. (It is not his fault that my books are banned. The law needs to be changed—and it may be before very long. This is confidential.)

I notice too that of Fraenkel's things you chose just the right one—"The Weather Paper." Fraenkel, like Huxley, is a cerebral type, neurotic, involved, abstract, etc. Our book, *Hamlet*, will be a queer one, but interesting because of the great opposition between us. I will try to remember to send you ten letters from the series thus far (we have now some 700 or so pages done out of the 1,000.) Later on you might want to print some of them in *The Phoenix*—

we'll see. My part is lively, I can guarantee you.

There is another thing comes to my mind. In your very fine and uncritical acceptance of me, you may have overlooked the fact that with some of my work you are apt to get in trouble. I don't think you should expose yourself to any risk, not in the beginning surely. All my problems will iron themselves out with time. I can bide my time. And I have plenty of good things for you without getting you into trouble. I'll always warn you where I think there is danger. Some things I think you *could* get away with—the average magazine doesn't dare to do anything audacious—they are cowardly and thinking only of money all the time. But once you are properly launched and secure the necessary respect you can get away with a lot of things the others wouldn't dream of.

The Booster, I must tell you, is highly unsatisfactory to me. Primarily money troubles. Secondly, moral and artistic support lacking. We are in a perilous position now. And if we fail it won't matter too much. But, in any case, we'll continue with the Broadsides. (I must apologize by the way for the appearance of your ad—it was not proof-read because we had to shove it in at the last minute, without proofing. If we have another issue I will run it again gratis, several times.)

Also let me know, that reminds me, what you want for advertising space. By the page and half page and quarter page—and how you want to be paid and when. And do you want *exchange* ads from other foreign periodicals? *Volontes* might be good for you, and one or two others. Think it over. And have you one distributor for all America? How are you handling the

problem there? And what is the price to be here abroad for *single* copies of *The Phoenix*? People often ask for just one issue, you know.

I am sorry to ply you with all these questions, but it is important. I feel more sorry because I see you write by hand. Well, just answer me telegraphically—as brief as possible on all these points. Write a letter only when you have time and are in the mood for it.

Also, when I send you any French material, for translation, I will send only what I think worth while. I will be very wary about sending you anything that is not first-rate.

Enclosing a photo of a head sculpted by a Romanian woman, Radmila Djoukic of Belgrade, Serbia (Yugoslavia). It is the only thing I have, as I never have photos taken. It looks rather grim, I know. I am

much more pleasant and affable than that. This is an enlargement of a very small photo. Don't use it if you don't like it. I look like Spengler a bit, what? But I'm a good egg, you'll see when you meet me some day. I have no thoughts of going to America, but one never knows. I may pay a visit one day. I have a daughter there whom I would very much like to see. I deserted her and her mother (my second wife) some twelve years or so ago. Now she is eighteen, I believe, and I am told is beginning to write. Is a pianist also—her mother was a concert pianist. I wish you would be sure to send her a copy of *The Phoenix*, will you? Here is her name: Barbara Sandfeld, 256 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N.Y. Imagine, I have only just now learned of her new name and her whereabouts, through an old friend. I am writing her for the first time *now*. (You

can imagine what a life I had in America! What I went through, trying to be a writer, and getting a kick in the pants everywhere. I have gone through far more than Lawrence already. But now things are getting better. I am at least getting a little recognition.)

Cordially,
Henry Miller

And skoal!!
Fuck a duck! as they say.

(1) To expedite letters watch boat-lists! Some boats cross in 5 days!

(2) P.S. Asked Dorothy Norman to mail you a partial synopsis I made of my *Lawrence* book. If it interests you, I'll add the first three parts. Also try to send you carbons of fragments of book to date! Mailed you separately *Aller Retour N.Y.* and "Scenario." Will mail big books as soon as I hear from you.

(3) Also mailed separately the "ten selected letters" from the *Hamlet* book of Fraenkel and myself.

(4) For ex: thru Continenta distribution my books are selling all over the world (except England and America): Jerusalem, Shanghai, Capetown, India, Finland, Athens, Alexandria, etc. etc. Marvellous! We can do the same thing for *The Phoenix*! *Including* England!

(5) I never read Huxley—don't know the book in question.

(6) P.S. I'll send you a water-color from time to time. Some self-portraits!

18 Villa Seurat
3–16–38

Dear Cooney—

Writing you by hand from bed—hope you can read my scrawl. First of all, congratulations! *The Phoenix* looks beautiful and has dignity—a wonderful job you did, especially for an amateur. I am trying to answer all your questions in detail.

As I said on my postcard, be careful about using material from Blakeston, Vogt, Zubaly, etc. Blakeston is a young English fairy of no great value as a writer. He horns in everywhere, as fairies do. He is a good chap, I am told. Very sympathetic and willing to help in every way—and knows all the writers and critics in England. But he seldom writes anything worthwhile—feeble stuff. Of course I haven't seen the piece you mention and can't say—I merely warn you.

As for Marika Norden (Vogt), she is a pest of the first water. It is true Keyserling gave a good write-up for *The Gentle Men* —but much as I respect Keyserling as a philosopher I think his judgment of the book bad. She is a ridiculous, fanatical, quarrelsome person, with the mind of a child—in my opinion. I have had quite a correspondence with her, and so I can speak frankly about her. She's a crank! The fact that the Obelisk Press published her doesn't mean a thing. Not all the books on Kahane's list are good, you know. He prints trash (much to my disgust) sometimes, to pay expenses. That is why I am now editor of the Villa Seurat Series—to let the public know what is good and what is bad. (Miriam Vogt was well known in society and diplomatic circles. The book sold for personal reasons.)

As for Zubaly—you must do as you like,

naturally. But if you ask my opinion, I would say no. I think this—that coming out four times a year with a limited number of pages, you have to select more carefully than ordinarily. I am very much in favor of humorous things and even of *crazy* things—if they have quality. Frankly, I don't see it in Zubaly's case. Maybe the novel he speaks of would be more interesting.

And about Osborn—he will be a burden on your hands, if you give him the least encouragement. His condition is pitiable, but I don't know what to do about it. He needs a doctor most likely—perhaps it's even too late for that. Nevertheless, just as soon as I can afford it, I am going to print a volume of his poems—it's due him. But, in other ways, I have more than repaid him for anything he did for me. It's hard to explain these things. I only warn you not to get involved, not to let your sympathies

get the better of you.

Anais Nin's brother (Joachim Nin-Culmell) is in N.Y. now, giving concerts. He is a very good musician. Possibly he will give you something of his compositions to print —I'll see. I'll speak to Anais about it. Unfortunately he, unlike his sister, is an ardent Catholic—he is almost a monk!

Meanwhile here is the address of an old friend of mine who is also an excellent pianist and composer. Write him, if you like, and ask does he have anything.

Harolde O. Ross — 307 South Front Street, Mankato, Minnesota. (Mark "Please forward.") He was one of my very best friends in America. (So was Harold Hicherson, another pianist, since turned Communist. Do you know his name?)

About the distribution here in Europe—I must see first how it takes. For the moment I don't think I would count on sending

more than a hundred or so. (I am still waiting for the batch you sent.) You see, it is not our idea to put them in many bookshops and have them kicked around and finally returned unsold. We are going about it seriously and slowly, the only way. It is a bit of luxury here—a magazine at 50 cents—and will sell to English and Americans mostly. Tourists and residents. For this first issue I shall naturally give away quite a few, to writers, editors, critics, and friends who may subscribe. What is needed are more announcements (1,000 if you can!) and more of the little yellow subscription blanks. These will go to the book dealers etc. throughout Europe and elsewhere in the world, thru the Continenta channels. We will probably receive orders for single copies of the review and a few subscriptions. It takes time, you know. But whatever publicity material you have, send

us liberally, as that is the principal thing. The mailing list is big—and in time you will get results. At any rate, to begin with your name will travel far and wide. That counts. You will be getting letters from strange places—you'll see. And often the man who is your friend and supporter is a man who lives in some unheard of place. The farther away from home the greater the prestige—it's always so.

Don't be misled by American enthusiasm. They talk big over there, but it doesn't always last. When they say 1,000 they usually mean 100. The "Argus" man I know about (I enclose a wild letter from him!). He probably will dispose of quite a few. He has a *Book Collectors' Review*, you know. Prof. Herbert West of Dartmouth, Vt. first drew my attention to him. He wrote something about me for this review—but I never got a copy of it. (I

gave you West's name along with the other names on that big list I sent you. I presume you have taken care of all the American people—and are expecting me to look after the European ones. Yes?)

You say to keep the proceeds on sales of copies you are sending. That is very generous of you, indeed. But are you quite sure you can afford it? You know, I don't expect money of you. If there are any great profits, and you wish me to share a bit of it, very good—but do first think of yourself, and your own needs. I can get along no matter what happens. And everything I do is out of enthusiasm and faith. I was terribly impressed by all you wrote me of your privations and your family troubles. You really did a most heroic job in bringing out the *Phoenix*. Very few men could have accomplished it—I know I couldn't. And so I respect you and offer you very gladly

my services for whatever they are worth. (For Christ's sake, buy yourself the things you need. And look after your wife and kid.) I am alone and I am, in a way, protected. If I cry out that I am poor, it is because I want greater freedom of movement. I have enormous desires, appetites, ideas. I should have been born rich, to execute all my ideas. But with me everything is slowly solving itself. I am surrounded by friends and have the well-wishes of everybody. I am really a very lucky individual—though what is called "luck" is often, on examination, the result of untiring work and of colossal faith and courage.

I am glad you can print the essay for me. Yes, *without* the black outline would be better! I didn't think of doing anything very chichi—a simple reprint, since you already had the type set up. In a way I'd

rather *not* have to sign the copies. I don't think it's important enuf. I am afraid it seems pretentious. If unsigned, either 25 or 35 cents, I imagine. Or is that too low? You know better what one can ask in America —I am out of touch with these things. Anyway, here's my idea—I want you to keep the money on the sale of them for yourself. It costs something to do the job, time, labor, ink, paper, etc. If you find that they sell that will encourage me to have other brochures printed—a little larger. Perhaps then you'd give me a little credit on the printing expense and I leave it to you to arrange how we will split the earnings. Fifty-fifty seems O.K. to me—if that leaves you enough for all your work. Speak frankly. So, about the first job, print 500 or a thousand, as you see fit. And if it will help you to have me sign them then I'll do it (but then I think you ought to print

less—perhaps only 200 or 250. Otherwise it has no value.) I thought primarily of *distribution*—getting them read, do you see? And I have plenty of material for you, don't worry.

I shall try hard to get you jobs to do. For your press. To begin with, Lawrence Durrell will probably ask you to print his "Asylum in the Snow" (which contains another piece called "Zero"—both making only 40 or 45 typewritten pages.) We will send MSS. very soon. This is another Booster Broadside. Charge whatever you wish for the job. We have no idea what your prices are like. It might be a good idea to quote me a price for "The Universe of Death"—what it would have cost per thousand to set up from script. Then I can gauge other things thereby. I suggest you give *two* prices—what you would charge a stranger and what you will ask of

us. (But don't under-quote for us. We want you to *make* something out of these things.)

I appreciate your sending me some stationery. Yes, you might print my name above the address on the envelopes, if it's not too much trouble.

Give prices too for stationery work. I think I can get you orders for that easily. I like very much the size of those little leaflets you sent me. Would be good for printing short things.

A little later I will give you a job—printing a brochure of *Letters* I have received about my books—presumably about *Tropic of Cancer*. I want to use these for publicity purposes, and so it needn't be done in deluxe fashion—just a straight, easy, workmanlike job. It will be a pleasure to have your imprint attached to them. I have been trying to get these printed for over two years—now I think it will be possible.

I really do believe that you and I will be able to turn out a number of things of a curious nature, on the side, and derive a little income from the sales. My great problem all along has been—how to get anything published in America. I will never give you anything that is likely to cause you trouble. I have a wide gamut.

(By the way, have you copies of *Tropic of Cancer* and *Black Spring*—if not, I'll see that you get them. *But let me know!*)

Another thing—you forgot to tell me what you intend to ask for advertising space in the *Phoenix*!

About photo from Anais Nin—I will ask her to send you one. I take it you are printing that thing about "the orchestra" in the 2nd number—right? We will know soon whether Scribner's are going to publish the abridged version (about a thousand pages) of her diary. If not, we begin publishing it here *in lots*, volume by volume.

About the letters between me and Fraenkel. I gave you ten selected letters, as a sort of cross-section of the book. The whole book is written in this way. We have covered a wide territory, naturally. Nearly done now. It will be exactly 1,000 pages long. Fraenkel, of course, is a sort of obsessed individual. Always the same theme. Gets wearisome finally. "The Weather Paper" would be all right, I think, when you can do it. He and Walter Lowenfels have just written me for my consent to publish a book containing all our writings on this subject—I will give you more details later. I think now and then a bit of the *Hamlet* letters in the *Phoenix* might go. Not too much at once perhaps.

I wrote a very interesting preface to his book, *Bastard Death*. Might be usable too—you will judge for yourself. Will send you, or rather will ask Fraenkel, to send you a

copy of the book. He is in Puerto Rico—but mail will always reach him thru the N.Y. address. No doubt you are in touch with him.

Do tell me more about yourself. People are curious. What did you write? And were you ever a cowboy? Just brief details. You forgot to enclose photos!

I enclose a number of letters which may interest you—no need to return them. Note particularly the one from Janko Lavrin of Nottingham. He is quite well known as critic and author. Was once editor of *The European Quarterly*. I am hoping to meet him soon.

Do reassure me about translations. Have you really some one there who is capable? If so, I will send you some things in French, which I think worth publishing in the *Phoenix*. But if they are badly translated it would be bad all around.

Well, I think this covers most everything. The best of luck to you and to your wife! By this time you probably have had some reactions in America. I think you will get slammed for your bit about "music." I can very well understand your feelings about the Church. However, that's a long story. We are all marred by something. We have to live down the past—and emerge joyous and courageous, what!

Durrell sends you his warm good wishes. He is a fine chap and will be of help later, I expect. He leaves for Corfu, Greece, in a few days. You'll probably be hearing from him.

The proofs of the *Black Book* very soon. We'll mark the passages—to save you labor.

Heave ho!

Henry Miller

P.S. Sending you under separate cover a French book by Jean Giono—don't know

if it has already been translated into English. Suggest you read the first bit—"Je ne peux pas oublier"—and see if you think it good for the *Phoenix*. I like it very much. My translator (Henri Fluchere) is a very close friend of the author. If you want to publish this I think I could get permission. First tell me what you think of it.

I have also something of Celine's I'd like to get for you.

18 Villa Seurat
Paris (xiv^e)
3–24–38

Dear Cooney—

Not being sure whether Marion Saunders sent you all the MSS. I requested her to, I have re-copied the enclosed for you. I shall do as many "fragments" as possible in the coming weeks, so that you may have an idea of what this *Lawrence* book is like. You might want to publish some of them in the *Phoenix*, or some other way. By the terms of my contract with Knopf I am obliged to submit this book to them when finished. They appear to be enthusiastic, but I haven't much confidence in them. Should a war break out and anything happen to me, it would be good that you have the bulk of the finished material. Should I be killed I hereby give you the right to

publish this material in its unfinished form. (However, I expect to come through all right. I lead a miraculous life!)

About Giono, whose book I sent you the other day. Just had a letter from my translator, Henri Fluchere (of *Cahiers du Sud*) saying that he is translating (*into English!!*) two books of Giono's for The Viking Press, into whom Giono is bound by contract. He advises me to write Viking for permission to use "Refus d'Obeissance" in the *Phoenix*. Adds that he would be very glad to do the translation himself. So I am writing Ben Huebach to-day, asking for permission, and telling him to advise you, as well as me, of his decision. (He, Fluchere is very much interested in Lawrence, by the way. Is writing a book, in French, on Lawrence.) And as he is not only one of the editors of this revue (*C. du S.*) but a scholar and an excellent translator of the Eliza-

bethan dramas, I think it may be good for you to be in rapport with him.

Hastily,
Henry Miller

P.S. The 100 copies haven't come yet! nor have I received the proofs of the *Black Book*—but do wait for these, will you?

Villa Seurat
April 13, 1938

My dear Cooney—

The 100 copies of *Phoenix* arrived safely! Impressed by the trouble you took. Have distributed quite a number already and everybody seems to think well of it. We'll see what the bloody critics have to say.

Herewith an example from the *Black Book* for you—couldn't wait for the proofs to be corrected. Hope there is nothing objectionable in this, the fragment I send you. Eliot of the *Criterion* is also publishing a fragment. He has written an excellent blurb for the book which will be used on the cover. I'll send you the book itself soon as it's off the press.

In this envelope you will also find "Asylum in the Snow." Anais will send you "Zero." These two are to be printed by you as a brochure, in good style—we leave

it to you!—for Durrell who will pay whatever it costs. Perhaps you will tell us what price we should ask—do you think a dollar all right? The title of the work is: *Asylum and Zero* (*Two Heraldic Portraits*). One is dedicated to me and the other to Anais, you will see. Sub-title for Asylum is "A Christmas Carol." Perhaps too you might put under Durrell's name, on the inside, author of the *Black Book*! (Should we print a thousand or 500??)

I appreciate very very much your desire to do things for me. On the reprint, do let me know what expense, however, is involved—I should at least bear that much of the cost. In the next mail I will send you the *Letters* regarding *Tropic of Cancer*, to be made into a brochure—will explain everything clearly. This is a "job" I am giving you. I want to get you more jobs, and I shall just as soon as I know what the

prices are like. And stationery jobs too.

Have you seen my "Open Letter to Surrealists Everywhere?" It is a part of the *Max* book. Do you think it would be worth doing in the form of a brochure? I believe I could get my publisher's permission to do a reprint, if you think it would be saleable. Tell me too if you can print in French—have you the letters with *accents* necessary? Because Perles may give you a brochure to do too. We all admire the type and the paper etc. Excellent work! And whatever jobs you do, don't ship everything over here at once; we'll arrange about the quantity later. Most of them should be held in America, naturally. You say the Gotham is lined up for all America—good. I can give you three or four bookshops which might aid. What about the Chicago man—does that rule him out? (Abramson.)

You say Fraenkel offered to help. Good.

He is usually very chary with his money. He is always printing things—perhaps he will give you some work too. He can afford it—he has money! I am writing him now to ask if he would like to join me in getting out a brochure of the *Hamlet* controversy. Perhaps a dozen selected letters. He might wish to substitute others for the ones I gave you. But I think this might be worth doing—to prepare the ground for the book, which will be a ponderous tome. If it weren't for the fact that there is some obscenity (not much) here and there in the book, I would suggest to him that he let you publish it. But I am very much afraid of getting you into trouble. And that would be foolish, because in a few more years I am sure the way will be clear to do most anything I wish in America. I can tell you that Huntington Cairns, the censor, is a damned good, loyal friend and an intelligent

man. I don't want to hinder him in any way. I trust him absolutely.

(I sent you the *Black Spring* by parcel post—hope it reaches you safely. Now I shall send you *Tropic*—a first edition—worth, I am told, $25.00 to-day in N.Y. I have about 25 of them here, which I am holding to cash in when a collector comes along. Incidentally, I am mailing you this book in a sealed envelope, like a letter—to insure your getting it.)

You say $40 for a full page ad. Is that for one issue, or for the year?

About book reviews. I think you misunderstood Anais Nin. We can, of course, from time to time, send you something—but neither of us do much of that. Durrell likes to do that—and does it rather well, too. He has left for Greece now. You can always reach him, care of his mother—Pension Suisse, Corfu, Greece. If you

want to receive French books for review, I give you three people to write to, who will undoubtedly send you all you want:

1. Raymond Queneau, c/o Gallimard, 5 Rue Sebastien-Bottin, Paris (7). He is a good friend of mine and handles all the American books for them.
2. Henri Muller, c/o Bernard Grasset—61 Rue des Saint-Peres, Paris (6). I know him slightly. They publish my friend, Blaise Cendrars, and many well-known French writers.
3. E. Wenstein, c/o Editions Denoel—19 Rue Amelie, Paris (7). They are the publishers of *Tropic of Cancer*, in French. Publishers of Celine! (And now of my friend Perles' book—*Le Quatuor en Re Majeur*.)

To revert to Durrell for a moment—you will find him a very good, useful, willing,

enthusiastic, most intelligent fellow. He likes you immensely—talks a lot about going to visit you this Fall, if he can do it. His photo may give him a somewhat fairy-ish appearance—he is decidedly not one! Anything but. If it is not good enough, don't use it. He is only 25 or 26, young in many ways, but has genius, I am convinced of it. We spent seven months together here, and I can talk with knowledge of him. I endorse him through and through. There are few people about whom I say such a thing. I am very tolerant, but also hard, exacting, demanding. But when I detect quality I give way completely.

Pelorson, editor of *Volontes*, is sending you an exchange ad which we rather think should be left in French, since the revue is French. I am giving him one for you. Have you received copies of *Volontes*?

As for Marion Saunders—what you say

is discouraging. I think you are quite right. I did not select her. She is Kahane's representative in America. Has placed a number of books for him, and so I took her on automatically. I met her when in N.Y. I know what you mean. But I don't understand her niggling about money. I have written her expressly more than once that she could take off whatever commission she liked on anything she sold of mine. I told her to satisfy herself first and give me the leavings. I can't say more than that. And though I appreciate what you told her—to give her the preference if somebody wants to take something you have—I would rather that you had first choice of everything. You deserve it, damn it! The money will come eventually—I don't worry about it very much. She talks that way because she's an agent, and all agents, I find, are greedy bastards. She's had my things for over two

years and has not done anything. So just do as you please—I'll back you up in anything. Meanwhile I will not make any change. If my luck turns, she deserves a bit of a break, and I'm willing to give it to her. After that we'll see. . . .

Don't forget to send as many announcements and little yellow slips as possible—any publicity material you have, in fact.

I met a Miss Willa Percival, who had corresponded with you. She has promised to help in every possible way, and she will, I know. Though just how far I can't say. Very kind, sympathetic, etc. She is the friend of the daughter of James Wilson, editor of the *Virginia Quarterly*, which you probably know. (Fraenkel has had things published by them in the past.) I'd like to also signal for you Felix Morley, a friend of the censor, and literary editor of the *Washington Post*, Washington, D.C.

I suppose you have sent a copy to Christopher Morley, of the *Saturday Review of Literature*? Both are brothers of Frank Morley, of Faber & Faber, London. They know of me!

You may hear from a John Goodland, who is starting a review in England—*Seven*. And from Jean De Beer, editor of *La Nouvelle Saison*, a new French revue, run by a group of very young French writers—from 18 to 26 mostly. They will be interested in what you do. Mr. Symons, of *Purpose*, visited me the other day, and is also highly interested—he will write you. He can do something for you in England. I am taking care of all the English critics not on your list. England should be a good market for you.

And now a word about yourself and your wife Blanche. The photos were very interesting! Your wife is a beauty—is she a

gypsy—or a Celt? You have a very Celtic face, it seems to me. It makes me keen to see you all. You know if it is at all possible, I will come to America before long, in order to go to the Grand Canyon of Arizona, where I should like to finish my book on Lawrence, in peace and quiet. It depends on how soon I finish what I am doing at present—and whether I shall have the money for such a trip. I send my old man a little dough from time to time, as much as I can rake up. Recently I hit upon a good idea—to ask people to whom I send books to send the money to him direct. If any of these brochures should sell in America—about which I am not too optimistic!—then I might do the same with the proceeds from them, after you deduct what is coming to you. But I do insist on that—not out of squeamishness but because you cannot afford to lay out money any more than I

can. I'd like to forget about money altogether. But it takes a little money to do things, and that little we must talk about, it seems to me. More and more my affairs are improving here, with the Obelisk. The sales are growing geometrically. In a year or two, if the war doesn't break out, I should be able to really live on my earnings. And of course, if ever America accepts my books, or if only they are allowed to be imported, I shall actually be *rich*—a condition which is almost unimaginable to me. But it can happen! Then, by God, I shall pack a bag and take a boat and visit the Orient—which is the dream of my life. But that's remote yet. . . .

Well, I guess this covers about everything. As I told you before, don't kill yourself writing me long letters—though I am always pleased to get them. Write the practical details telegraphically. The rest in

spurts, as you find time. I am overworked. I need a secretary.

Oh yes, I may have another little job—and there again I need to know whether you can print in French characters. And do you know anybody who can translate from the Swedish? My friend, Artur Lundkvist, poet, critic, translator of American and British authors, has written some very interesting things in Swedish about American authors—a book, which will appear soon in Sweden. I'd like, if possible, to see you publish a fragment in the *Phoenix*. He is here in Paris for another month or so. A good man.

About Osborn once again—good of you to suggest what you did, but I feel I should assume full responsibility and blame. I am doing it only for him, as I told you. It would give you a black eye to publish his poems. It's a strange thing, however, how

some times worthless people, deranged people, can help you. He did a lot for me in the early days here—but what I can do for him is almost nil—as he needs a doctor rather than a friend.

Well, salute! Down with the Pope and all his henchmen!

Henry Miller

P.S. Anais is writing to her brother about the music. I doubt it too. But will see. Did you write *Harolde O. Ross*?

Villa Seurat
April 19, 1938

Dear Cooney,

Herewith something from Dylan Thomas, one of England's most promising young writers (age about 22 or 23). He is quite well known in England and here on the continent and his work has appeared (poems and fantasies) in a number of periodicals. I hope you like it well enough to use. I admire him a great deal and am trying to help him all I can.

I have permission to use the Giono now from Gallimard, but must wait for the author's permission. Fluchere, of *Cahiers du Sud*, who is his friend, will be seeing him this week probably and will let me know. It is just possible he may refuse, owing to the strained political situation here. It might not be an opportune moment to have this pacifist tract published. So hold

up the printing of it until you hear from me, please.

I haven't finished typing off the various letters which go into that brochure I spoke of—perhaps in a few more days. There is no great rush anyway. Nor have I yet mailed you a copy of *Tropic of Cancer*—because the publisher hasn't a single copy left. We are waiting for the new edition to come out, from Hungary. Then pronto! My friend Perles will also probably send you something, a translation of a fragment from his book, *Sentiments Limitrophes*, which I think is excellent—about Goethe—in the form of a letter to me. You will see. If you do not get it in time, then use it for the third number.

I have given away to friends and to critics and reviewers about two-thirds of the copies of *Phoenix* you sent me. Everybody likes it, apparently. I expect con-

fidently that you will receive a number of subscriptions.

I am looking forward to a letter from you in to-morrow's mail (the Europa), but this has to go out to-night. More later. My best to you!

As ever,
Henry Miller

Villa Seurat
May 4, 1938

Dear Cooney,

A few observations about the letters and reviews of my books which I'll send you in next mail. You will probably be receiving letters from some of the people including these, either giving you permission to use their letters or the reverse. Such as Huntington Cairns, the censor, Wash. D.C., and Prof. Cudworth Flint of Dartmouth College. I may still receive two or three letters and reviews to be included in final make-up—from Edwin Muir, Dylan Thomas, Desmond MacCarthy, Roger Burford and V. F. Calverton. If you or I don't receive them in a reasonable time we go to press without them.

I rely upon you for the make-up, cover

design and general format. If you wish, I'll proofread everything—but if you have the time and means to do it yourself, why you may, I trust you completely. If you have any trouble with the French accents or with spelling, consult some one in the vicinity who knows the language, will you? I think everything is quite correct, though.

I have cut out practically all the censorable expressions in these letters—if I have omitted any, forgotten any, I mean, you use the axe! You have carte blanche. If you have already had a cliche (plate) made of that head of mine, try to use it, will you, either as frontispiece or wherever or however it seems most suitable. And if you can, give credit to the following person for it: Mlle Radmila Djoukic, Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

I marked the letters for which we must

first obtain permission with a red star.

Yours—in haste—
Henry Miller

Kahane is waiting for more circulars and announcements. Says *Phoenix* makes good impression, and believes he can get regular orders—cash in advance—from a good number of bookshops in Europe *and England*.

Villa Seurat
May 11, 1938

Dear Cooney,

Herewith the *Letters and Reviews*, at last! Have cut out the "dates." There's much more material than I thought there would be, and I'm beginning to get conscience-stricken about it. I think you'd better let me know what it would cost you to print a thousand copies, and another price for 3,000 copies, as Kahane may buy 2,000 from me to distribute through the Continenta Editions. It depends on what price I put on them. What I distribute I will distribute free, naturally. These are not to be sold. Better go ahead first with the reprint of "Universe of Death"—very sorry indeed you have to set it up again. By the way, in setting up the Letters, I would use a new page for each letter, I think. And there will be three or four more

letters and reviews to follow shortly—from Dylan Thomas, Edwin Muir and Desmond MacCarthy. Just had a letter from Huntington Cairns, the censor, giving me permission to quote the short excerpts from his letter. Am giving him a copy of the paragraph in "Foreword" which mentions him, to again have permission. Remember that the letters marked with a red star you are to first receive permission for from the senders of said letters. I told them to write you direct.

I just got your letter and will answer now in detail, point by point.

"Zero": Anais did not send it yet. Is trying to get back her copy from Jolas who has it. Writing Durrell asking for information to your queries, about price and about advance payment. Will have him write you directly. Better hold up the announcement even if it must wait for 3rd number.

About "Open Letter to Surrealists": Writing Marion Saunders to send you a copy; if you don't get it in reasonable time, let me know—I can dig up another copy somewhere in America. This will appear, of course, in the *Max* book, to be out in a couple of weeks now. Again I wonder whether to reprint. Unless you feel confident that we can get enough orders from the bookshops to cover the cost, it is risky. I am afraid of getting too involved—and getting you involved also. The Gotham Book Mart will take 50, so they promised. I can sell another 50 in England. Outside that, I don't know, for the moment. You read it first and give me your honest opinion.

O.K. about using the "Max" story in the next issue.

By the way, have you received the various fragments of the *Lawrence* book I

sent you recently, in several installments? And did you get the copy of *Black Spring*—mailed it to you several weeks ago. *Tropic* will follow shortly now—this time in a sealed envelope, first-class mail.

Have permission from Gallimard to use the Giono piece, but no permission yet from the author himself. You don't say whether you received that book either. Don't do anything about it until you hear from me further, will you?

About prices of printing here—of course they are much lower than in the States, but not such good work nor good material. A thousand copies of a brochure, about 60–72 pages—costs around $50.00—paper cover, linotype, cheap paper, etc.

Forget the Gascoyne poems, for the moment. Pelorson, of *Volontes*, has your ad now, and should have sent you his by this time. Will speak to him about it again.

Also sent *Cahiers du Sud* (Marseilles) an ad for you—you should be hearing from them shortly. Fluchere, one of the editors, who is also my translator, is much interested in Lawrence. Has been working on a book about Lawrence for some time. Is a good chap.

Had a letter from Fraenkel, and he seems quite interested in the idea of publishing the ten selected *Hamlet* letters. No doubt is writing you about it himself. Fraenkel has some money, you know. He should pay for this job out of his own pocket. You mustn't depend on him coming to help you with the editing of *Phoenix*; he is restive, erratic. Don't know whether you'd get along with him over a long stretch of time. Very intense fellow, and very obsessed with his own ideas. And rather inclined to take over the reins, if you give him the chance. I tell you that in confidence.

I haven't seen any notices of the *Phoenix* anywhere. If any appear in England I shall undoubtedly hear of it through my friends there—and let you know, let you have copies.

Once again, about the price to ask for brochures—I think you can determine that better than me. A lot depends on the cost. And one mustn't forget that the bookstores get a good rake-off. But it should be as low as possible, I feel.

And now about Dylan Thomas. Naturally I don't want you to publish something you don't approve of. I happen to like most everything he does. He writes prose poetry of a fantastic sort usually—and that's the style of the one I sent you. It will appear soon in book form and you'll be getting a copy. Published by the Europa Press (George Reavey, editor), London. To send you the rest wouldn't help—it's

probably all in the same key. Each part is finished in itself, like music. There is nothing beyond what you read. He is Welch, which explains a great deal, and perhaps a bit pathological too, and leading a most difficult life—and very young. But he is most highly regarded in England, by those who know. So, if you don't think you'd want to publish the "Prologue," better return it to me. Perhaps we'll run it off in the next issue of the *Delta*. And don't feel bad about it. We can't agree on everything.

Fine of you to send us the gifts you mention. I look forward to seeing the Chinese figures. China is my obsession. About my getting to America—everything depends on how my work shapes up. I can't leave until certain things are finished. About Paris—no, it is unusually quiet and tranquil here. It always seems bad from a distance. If it

weren't for the newspapers one would think everything was fine. The war is really on already, you see, only it is being fought out in different fashion this time. War is always going on, only usually it's kept under cover more discreetly. There may not be any trench fighting for several years yet.

By the way, I may be sending you a sort of review-article soon about a book called *The Absolute Collective*, which I am quite crazy about. I think I asked Symons, of *Purpose* to send you a copy. More soon. Rushed now. Hope I've answered most everything. Sold about 25 copies of the *Phoenix* in Montparnasse. Almost cleaned out now—gave most of them away to critics, reviewers, and friends. Impression remains good.

My best to you all!

Cordially,
Henry Miller

P.S. Dorothy Norman, of *Twice a Year*, asks to see material from the *Lawrence* book. If you are not using these fragments immediately—and, if you have no objection (though I gave you priority on them) —why not send her what things you have. She is at 509 Madison Ave. N.Y.C. Edward Dahlberg is her editor-in-chief. He is the one who will decide, probably.

P.P.S. Enclose two letters from British Museum. (The Reading Room Superintendant). Also some poems by Lundkvist, which he translated himself from the Swedish—not always in good English. Cannot judge them. But if you find any merit in them, why use them. He was the editor of the Swedish Surrealist Review, *Caravan*, at Stockholm. Is a well-known critic. Don't pay any attention to red ink lines!

Foreword

(To the *Letters and Reviews* referred to in the preceding letter of May 11)

Some may wonder why I have gone to the trouble and expense of printing these letters and reviews—may wonder if I am a Narcissist, a megalomaniac, or just a vain fool. If they wonder a little bit it will be good: there is food for reflection in this little document. My reason for publishing this material is a very simple one: it is that I have never had access to my own reading public, my American compatriots, since from the very beginning my books have been refused admission in America by the customs authorities. And, as I am intelligent enough to realize that the law, however antiquated, is always a reflection of the existing mores, I refuse to waste time or energy combating shadows: I prefer to make a flank attack and apprise those who

may be interested in the sort of books I write that these books exist.

Were it not for the existence of the Obelisk Press in Paris I should probably still be unknown, unpublished. At this writing, some four years after the appearance of my first book, *Tropic of Cancer*, my publisher, Jack Kahane, has given me the editorship and direction of a special department of his press: The Villa Seurat Series. Under this imprint we hope to publish "the hypothetical book which the writer never writes, because there would be nothing left to do with it when written—except perhaps burn it."

It may be of interest to know that until published by the Obelisk Press of Paris I had been writing for ten years without the slightest recognition or reward. This may explain in measure why I persistently refuse the requests of American publishers to

bring out a castrated version of my work, or a miscellaneous abstract of acceptable portions of my work. I believe that the laws of the country will undergo further revision, as they have in the past, due to *Leaves of Grass* and to *Ulysses*. My books are read today in every country of the world, practically, with the exception of England and America. They are in particular demand in China and in Holland, a curious phenomenon which speaks for itself. Several of my books have already been translated into foreign languages. I regard it as a privilege to have been published in other countries, in other tongues, before being accepted by my countrymen. I am especially grateful to the French, who have been obliged to read me in English, for the quick and sympathetic appreciation which they have shown me.

There are two people, I must add, to

whom I feel indebted beyond words: Anais Nin, without whose constant, unfailing help I should never have had anything published, and Blaise Cendrars, whose memorable visit to the Villa Seurat at a time when I most needed a word of approbation meant a very great deal to me. I should also like to signal my respect and admiration for Mr. Huntington Cairns, of Washington, D.C., whose duty it is to fill the unenviable role of censor. Not only has he performed his task with intelligence and discrimination, but he has also been generous enough to show me his friendship, which I shall never forget.

As for the critics and publishers—bad cess to them all! If my example means anything to other writers, to young writers especially, it should mean this, that no sincere effort is ever lost. One may lose every battle and still win a war! As I write

these lines I know in my heart that I have already won: it is a war of attrition, and time is on my side.

Henry Miller

18 Villa Seurat, Paris
May 1, 1938.

Villa Seurat
Paris XIV
5–10–38

Dear Cooney—

Herewith a letter and script from Kay Boyle whose name and work you probably know. Leave it to you to decide. I don't think it's so hot—her fragment. Wrote her that I would send to you and that you'd answer direct. Suggested she send you something else meanwhile—either story or poem, in case you couldn't accept this.

Also enclose copy of letter from Desmond MacCarthy, to be included in the brochure. Am now awaiting a new review by Herbert West of Dartmouth, which Abramson of Chicago (Argus Bookshop) is publishing in his periodical shortly.

If you have a cliche of that head (of me) by Radmila Djoukic, I wonder if that

might not be good to use as frontispiece to the brochure.

Trying to get "Zero" from Jolas.

Hurriedly,
Henry Miller

Villa Seurat
May 17, 1938

Dear Cooney,

Just received the enclosed letter from Marian Willard and answered it immediiately, urging her to get in touch with you for the printing of "The Open Letter to Surrealists," and saying that you might split the profits between you. I never met the girl. She gave an exhibition of paintings for my friend Reichel recently. I imagine she is rather kind-hearted. If she gives you the O.K., and the money that is necessary for the job, don't forget to make acknowledgment in front of brochure to The Obelisk Press, Paris, for permission to reprint. Charge 50 cents or a dollar, as you see fit. Print at least a thousand, eh? I imagine it might have a bit of a sale.

In a great hurry, but with my best!

Henry Miller

P.S. I wrote her—no cuts! No alterations! All or nothing! Marion Saunders has a good copy of the script—if you find two versions and should they differ, then wait for me to send you the right one.

Villa Seurat
May 24, 1938

Dear Cooney,

Herewith a letter from Huntington Cairns, giving me permission to make reference to him in the "Foreword." You have also his permission to quote excerpt from his letter, which I gave you already. The only thing he has asked to omit is *my* letter to him, in response to his query about censorship—is that clear?

Just had word from Henri Fluchere, asking me if he might translate that bit from Giono, because Giono has now given permission, and the publishers also. I do hope you will print this—I think it is quite a wonderful thing. Fluchere wants to do the job gratis, because he would like to translate everything of Giono's; he is a great

friend and admirer of Giono. In any case, let me know *immediately*, will you? We could most likely get this done and published in the 3rd number, eh? I can't wait for the boat mail which is due to-morrow morning—this goes off today, just a few hours ahead of any incoming mail.

Also herewith some mss. from Emanuel Carnevali, sent you by Kay Boyle—to be returned to her, if you don't want them. I have read them and must confess I don't think so much of them. But I leave it to you to decide. Kay Boyle might be useful to you—I don't know whether you know her writings. We don't hit it off very well together, she and I; she likes my critical writing, but not my books. She is nuts about Carnevali, and has been aiding him a good deal—he is very very ill. She asked if we could pay him something—but I already replied NO.

In great haste, and with my best to you all!

Cordially,
Henry Miller

Villa Seurat
June 16th, 1938

Dear Cooney—

Here at last is the horoscope, in French and English—and I would leave it in that order. The graph, I thought, should be printed on the cover—and just the chart itself—none of the other data at top and bottom of page. About 500 copies. O.K.??

And what will the damages be?

As ever,
Henry Miller

Villa Seurat
Paris
July 20th, 1938

Dear Cooney,

I'm sending you herewith a carbon of my essay-review on Gutkind's book, *The Absolute Collective*, which I wrote at Symons' suggestion for the *Criterion*, London, Eliot being considerably interested. I have yet to hear whether it will be accepted; the idea is, however, that if Eliot does not take it, *and*, if the C.W. Daniel Co. (40 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1—the publishers of the book) find it usable they may have it printed in pamphlet form and distribute as publicity. Symons may also make copies of it and send them to a few American reviews, such as *The Virginia Quarterly* and the *Southern Review*. I have several reasons for sending it to you. First, if you like it, you might reprint it, *after*

Eliot publishes it—the English insist on first chance, it seems. And, if you did that, you might be able to induce the Daniel Co. to give you a full page ad for the *Phoenix*. I am giving you at same time Erich Gutkind's permanent address—Butler Hall, 88 Morningside Drive, N.Y.C. He is away now in Maine, I believe, but his mail is forwarded. He might himself be glad to contribute something to the *Phoenix*, which I am sure ought to be good; he has just finished another book, in America, which he is trying to get published. I have written him a long letter, enclosing a copy of the review. I have a very great admiration for his work, and would like to know him personally. I have a strong hunch he might be a good ally of yours.

All this, naturally, dependent on your reaction to the book, which by this time I imagine Symons has sent you. I believe it

should appeal to you particularly, because it is one of those rare books which are thoroughly religious and yet against all *religions*. There are many affinities to Lawrence in it, I think you will notice. Gutkind strikes me as a sort of German or Jewish, rather, Lawrence, which makes a queer specimen of a man. There is another reason why I rather hope you may be able to use my review—and that is that it will provide an antidote to the "Max" story which many people are going to interpret as anti-Semitic, though it is not. And at this critical time in the history of the Jews I certainly do not want to be put down as a Jew-hater. In my rather long letter to Gutkind I explained very frankly that of all the peoples of this earth the Jew appeals to me the least—his way of life, his thought, his reactions, the color and the tempo of his life. Which does not prevent me from

recognizing that it is a thoroughly Jewish book, such as Gutkind's, which marks a dazzling advance on the metaphysical books of our time, that it is this book which is closer in thought and feeling to my own view of life than any other book I know of, barring Nietzsche.

I am hoping, therefore, that for your own sake, you will see fit to get in touch with Gutkind—and let me know more about him when you have corresponded with him, or met him. I am glad you got along so well with Fraenkel—he writes me that he found you an exceptional type of American—the first one he ever met who was absolutely genuine and who meant what he said. Which, coming from Fraenkel, who is usually disparaging, means a great deal. I urged him to do something for you, in a real, tangible way. That he ought to do, for he is the only one of us all, who can truly

afford to do so. We are all broke, shifting from day to day by divers means. None of us earn anything, or so little, that it doesn't count. I feel badly when I think of your plight, your truly heroic efforts to get out the magazine. And bad too that I don't raise any subscriptions. Many people have promised me that they would send you the money for subscriptions direct—I wonder how many you received? Recently I wrote to a young girl just back from Europe, Emmy Swan, who liked your magazine and had shown it to Kay Boyle and others in England; I told her to look you up—she lives in N.Y.—and help you out substantially. She could afford to do something, as she is the daughter of a wealthy man. She happens also to be a good friend of James Laughlin, IV., who runs New Directions. I met the latter here in Paris some weeks ago. I am afraid there would not be much

between you two, or I would have talked more about you. Laughlin is a young kid, somewhat spoiled, impetuous and opinionated, and *likes the wrong things*, or so it seems to me. He is the son of a very wealthy Pittsburg steel magnate and one day will be rich himself. He has published a number of books already, and has considerable contact with writers, critics and publishers throughout the world. If you should ever meet him I hope you strike it right with him. But I have my doubts. Aside from these defects he is enthusiastic, energetic, honest, straightforward and keeps his word. That's something.

I hear from you so seldom these days that I don't know quite where we stand. You must tell me what's what—if you are too busy, can't you give a stenographic outline of the more important information to Blanche or Fanny Rocker to convey to

me? For example, what about the Giono piece? Are you going to let Fluchere translate it? Are you going to use it? What about the brochure of letters and reviews? Everything is in now, except Dylan Thomas' bit, which you needn't wait for if everything else is ready. I am still dickering with my Belgian printer about the *Money* pamphlet (Booster Broadside No. 1). It is over six months since they are working on it. But it will arrive one day. I don't know either whether you received the copies of *Tropic* and of *Black Spring* which I sent you. And have you got the following fragments from the Lawrence book?

1. Synopsis
2. Tree of Life and Death
3. Creative Death
4. The Sacred Body
5. Into the Future

Did you receive a copy of the English review, *Seven*? Did the young lady who runs the East River Gallery in N.Y. ever get in touch with you about my essay on "Surrealism," which was in the *Max* book? I told her to communicate with you; she seemed desirous of helping to pay the cost of printing it—think she may have wanted a number of these to distribute among her clients.

And, if I haven't sent you any further literary material it is because I have not received anything worthwhile thus far. Perles could offer you a fragment from his book, on Goethe, which Symons is going to publish in *Purpose*—if you wouldn't mind the reprint. It is a very fine thing, I can assure you. Let me know if you'd care to see it. There remains Anais, Fraenkel,

Durrell and myself. It's too bad you don't like Dylan Thomas!

I'll give you the name of a woman writer now in N.Y.—her address I don't know, but you may be able to find her—she is quite well-known. Dorothy Dudley, marriage name Harvey. She writes for some of the good reviews, I know. She has just finished a book, I am told, which she is unable to place, because it is too daring. She wrote a splendid book on Theodore Dreiser, the best I know of. I knew her here in Paris—she was one of the first to welcome and applaud my *Tropic of Cancer*—you will see her letter to me in the batch I sent you. I can recommend her to you, as a writer. As an individual, she is very neurotic and apt to prove uncomfortable after a short time. But she is capable.

What hurts me is to think that you must

do all this manual labor of getting out the magazine alone, or practically alone. There are so many admiring youngsters in America who are always willing to aid. Can't you possibly find someone who would aid you with the dirty work *for love*? Have you distributed the *Phoenix* among the colleges of America? And what are the reactions? I haven't the slightest idea what's happening. The copies I gave out here to be sold, through the woman Eve Adams, who peddles books around in Montparnasse, were well received. I only gave her about 25 copies—being obliged to give away the others—but she sold these quickly. What we need, as I always tell you, is the prospectus—or a new one, if you like. Kahane would distribute them freely and in large quantities—would slip them into his books or into the circular material constantly being sent out by the Continenta people. This

is important—he has no other way of making the magazine known.

Anais has shown me the various letters from you and Blanche and Fanny Rocker. And the gifts! Perhaps we'll all be driven back over there again by the war. As you know, I am still hoping to have a bit of a vacation—though it gets more and more dubious, what with the lack of money, etc. I am still going to the hospital for treatment—have attacks of giddiness and weakness now, though the wounds are all healed up. What I should really like, and what I hope for, is to be able to go to Arizona this Fall or Winter and complete my Lawrence book there. Then down the Mississippi to New Orleans, Mobile, and such places, which I have never visited. I would certainly spend some time with you. Perhaps on my continental tour I could really do things to get the *Phoenix* known.

You mentioned in one of your letters about the idea of going off somewhere and establishing a little colony in some remote place. I must confess I have never fancied the idea. I am rather a lone wolf, and rather hate little groups. Even though it seems discouraging, I still believe that one must remain in the world and do what one can with his neighbors. The world must be regenerated from the inmost, rottenest core, what! Apropos of this, you must see the film called *Lost Horizon*, or better, read the book, which is quite an ordinary book of no literary merit. But it contains an idea, about "Shangri-La," which will interest you profoundly. It obsesses me. It concerns this question of a refuge, a haven during the storm, it is a most enchanting story, and profoundly moving. You will see. I urge you not to forget about it. If you are too broke (the book costs 2 shilling,

let me know—I'll get a copy for you. In fact, I'll do it now, while I think of it—leave it to me.)

There is another little book—wholly different, of course—which has intrigued me by its masterly technique—and that is, John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*. I should think that too would appeal to you. You have doubtless heard about it already. Too bad he is so successful—I imagine it would be difficult to get him to write for *Phoenix*. And then there is another young American, now in England—Frederic Prokosch—who had something, not very good, in *Seven*. He is the author of *The Asiatics*, a strange travel book. Goodland, the editor of *Seven*, could put you in touch with him, if you wanted something of him.

And don't forget my friend, the censor Mr. Huntington Cairns, 2219 California St., N. W. Wash. D.C. He is in touch with

a great many people, and I think should be vitally interested in what you are doing. He is a very kind, sympathetic person, and as you know, I absolve him completely from any question of censorship. You should be able to get a review of *The Phoenix* from Felix Morley, of the *Washington Post*, who is a friend of Cairns, and also the brother of Frank Morley, Eliot's partner in Faber & Faber's. And has that chap, Abramson, of the Argus Bookshop, Chicago, sold any copies for you? He too could give you a write-up in his *Collectors' Review*. Nor should you forget James Wilson, editor of *The Virginia Quarterly*, who is the father of the girl friend of that girl whom I saw in Paris, the girl who was so interested in the *Phoenix*—I forget her name.

Well, Cooney, that's about all for the moment. The King & Queen are here and

it's "God Save the King" all day long. For a pair of half-wits they make a wonderful impression. Don't break your back writing me—just a stenographic outline! My best wishes to your wife, Blanche, and to Fanny Rocker.

Henry Miller

Villa Seurat
7–23–38

Dear Cooney—

Here's a carbon copy of some dope I had to give my translator for the preface to French edition of *Tropic* (due out in October) which Denoel, the publisher, requested him to write. Thought it might be of interest and use to you.

Cordially,
Henry Miller

18 Villa Seurat
July 23, 1938

(Enclosed with letter of 7–23–38)

Dear Mr. Fluchere,

Here is the information about myself which you requested . . . .

Was born in N.Y. City, Dec. 26, 1891, of American parents; grandparents were German, men who came to America to escape military service. All my ancestors are German and come from every part of Germany. They were mostly seafarers, poets, musicians and peasants. Until I went to school I spoke nothing but German, and the atmosphere in which I was raised, despite the fact that my parents were born in America, was German through and through. I was precocious, a prize pupil in school and always in trouble because I would not submit to the discipline. At the

age of five I was allowed to roam loose in the streets; from five to ten were the most important years of my life, because I was free and independent, lived the life of an incipient gangster, and furthermore because the neighborhood we lived in was an "immigrant" neighborhood where all my companions were of different nationality. The Spanish-American war, which broke out when I was seven, was a big event in my life! I enjoyed the mob-spirit, the violence and lawlessness which accompanied the outbreak and which is so characteristic of America. My parents were relatively poor, hard-working thrifty, unimaginative; I was well-protected until I had to make a living for myself. I never had any desire to work, nor any sense of economy, nor any respect for my elders or for law or government or church or customs. I defied my parents almost from the time I was able to talk. I

left City College in my first year because of the stupidity of the curriculum and the intolerable Jewish atmosphere. Went to work in the financial district and quickly regretted it. When my father gave me the money to go to Cornell University I took it and disappeared with my mistress, a woman old enough to be my mother. I returned in a year or so and then left again for the West, to become a rancher. Worked in Southern California, near Mexican border for another year or so, at all sorts of odd jobs, mostly as a ranch hand. Returned to New York, worked at innumerable jobs, was shiftless, unreliable and had no goal whatever. Was a good athlete—swimmer, boxer, runner, bicycle racer, et cetera; trained every day of my life for about four years, as though I were going into the Olympic Games. Was considered a little daffy in the neighborhood. Won all sorts of

prizes. Had played the piano at an early age; at about eighteen or so I decided to become a concert pianist and studied seriously for next five or six years—but lacked the talent necessary. Gave it up entirely, hardly touching the piano thereafter. In disgust joined my father in tailoring establishment, more to save him from ruin than for love of the work, which I heartily detested. My father was a drunkard and a spendthrift—had suddenly changed his habits when he was on the road to fortune. I learned very little about tailoring; instead I began to write. But not dreaming that I might be a writer some day, I wrote nothing but letters, which were really long humorous essays about difficult subjects. (I still like letter-writing best of all!) The war came and I went to Washington where I worked as a clerk in the War Department and in my spare time as a reporter on the

newspaper. Was drafted and lied my way out—for which I am very thankful. Am an out-and-out pacifist, and refuse to fight for any cause, country or reason, even to save my own life. Married during war, had a child, could not find a job though jobs were then plentiful and even an idiot could get himself one. Took many jobs which I held for a day or even less than a day. Among them such as dish-washer, newsboy, messenger boy, grave-digger, garbage collector, street-car conductor, bill poster, book salesman, usher in theatre, bell-hop in hotels, typist, adding machine operator, gymnasium instructor, advertising writer, country editor, librarian, statistician, mechanic, charity worker, insurance collector, gas man, et cetera, even a job as private secretary to an evangelist. During labor agitation which preceded the war was a stump speaker on soap boxes on street

corners—usually for the I. W. W. or the Anarchists.

At 28 years of age I became, by a fluke, personnel director of the Western Union Telegraph Co., N.Y. City, a job which I held for over four years, and which was probably the most important period of my life, since over a hundred thousand people passed through my hands in that time. I was extremely capable and accomplished miracles for the company in a short time. I hardly slept during these four years; after working hours, and the work was gruelling, I accompanied the official detective in his rounds, for the pleasure of it. Got to know New York intimately, in all its seamy aspects. Saw the under-side of life to the fullest. Made innumerable friendships during this time, with men of all races and nationality. During my first vacation (three weeks) I wrote my first book, a full length

study of eccentric types on the messenger force. Began to have the itch to write. In 1924 I left the company without notice, without collecting my pay even, and decided to write for a living. I was then married for the second time, paying a terrific sum weekly for alimony, and once again unable to find a way to keep afloat. Wrote many short stories and research articles, which took me months of investigation—nothing accepted anywhere. Finally printed my own things myself and sold them from door to door, mostly in restaurants, cafes, night-clubs, etc. Then, that failing, with the aid of my wife (who did most of the work!) I sold candy in the same manner. Then one job after another, the most menial jobs, and finally I began to beg in the streets, professionally, right in my own neighborhood. In 1928, through a piece of chicanery, my wife and I got enough mon-

ey together to come to Europe. We stayed a year and toured a good part of Europe. Returned and stayed the year of 1929 in N.Y., absolutely miserable and desperate. Then I left my wife and came alone to Europe, intending to go to Spain, but never getting any further than Paris, where I have remained since. Besides the book mentioned (which was somewhat on the order of Dreiser's *Twelve Men* a book I admire greatly, I wrote two novels while in America. Of the hundreds of things I wrote in those first ten years perhaps three or four little things were published. I had earned nothing from my writing. I brought with me a novel I had just finished, which I gave to Titus, the publisher and editor of *This Quarter* in Paris. He lost the manuscript, for which I had no copy. I began *Tropic of Cancer* about a year after landing in Paris, absolutely desperate and without a perma-

nent place to flop—wrote it from place to place, sometimes on the backs of old mss. because I had no paper. The original ms. is twice the size of the published book. When I wrote it I had very little hope of ever seeing it published; I wrote it for the pure satisfaction of doing something which would please myself, which would be absolutely what I wanted to say. I expected to croak from starvation sooner or later. I didn't care what any one would think of the book. Needless to say, the publication of the book opened up a new life for me, brought me innumerable friends and acquaintances. I still have no money, I still do not earn a living, but I have plenty of friends and well-wishers, which is my real bank.

As regards influences. The real influence is life itself, the life of the streets, which I never tire of. I am a city man through and

through; I hate nature, just as I hate the "classics." I owe a lot to the dictionary and the encyclopaedia which I read voraciously when I was younger. Until I was about 25 I had scarcely read a novel, except for the Russians. I read almost exclusively books on religion, philosophy, science, sociology, archaeology, primitive cultures and so on. I scarcely ever looked at a newspaper and have never read a detective story in my life. I liked Eastern fairy tales, especially the Japanese which were full of violence and catastrophe. I liked Herbert Spencer, Fabre, Havelock Ellis, Fraser, the older Huxley, and such like. I also read widely in the European drama—knew all the well-known European dramatics before the English or Americans. I read the Russian novelists before the Anglo-Saxon or French ones. My greatest influences were Dostoievski (first and foremost!), then Nietzsche,

then Elie Faure, who seems to me to be the one great *man* the French have thrown up in recent times. I was also tremendously impressed by Proust, tremendously fecundated. Of American writers the only real influences were Whitman and Emerson. I admit to Melville's genius, but find him boring. I dislike Henry James intensely, and absolutely detest Edgar Allen Poe. Among the contemporaries I know no one of any importance. I dislike the whole trend of American literature, as well as English literature. It is realistic and prosaic, in my opinion. I am thankful to have made a humble acquaintance with French literature, which on the whole, I must say, is rather feeble and limited, but which by comparison with Anglo-Saxon literature, is an unlimited world of the imagination. I owe a great deal to the Dadaists and Surrealists, though I do not subscribe to their

aims. I prefer the French writers who incline to be un-French. I think that France is the China of the Occident, though decidedly inferior in every way to the real China. I think France is the best place in the Occidental world to live and to work—but it is still far from being a healthy world. France needs to go through a break-down; she needs to expand her horizon. Her greatest limitation, for me, is her lack of generosity. *And* her timidity.

My aim, in writing, is to establish a greater Reality. I am not a realist or a naturalist; I am for life, which in literature it seems to me can only be attained by the use of dream and symbol. I am at bottom a metaphysical writer, and my use of drama and incident is only a device to posit something more profound. I am against pornography and for obscenity. Above all, for imagination, for fantasy, for a liberty un-

dreamed of. I use destruction creatively, perhaps a little too much in the German style, but aiming always towards a real, inner harmony, a real inner peace—*and silence*. I prefer music above all the arts, because it tends towards silence, and because at each moment it is sufficient unto itself. I believe that literature, to become truly communicable (which it is not at present), must make greater use of the symbol and the metaphor. Most of our literature is like a text-book: everything takes place on an arid plateau of intellectuality. I believe that 99% of the books which are being written should be destroyed, and the same goes for the other arts, particularly painting.

In *Black Spring* I made a step towards the kind of writing I believe in. I hope to establish this reality in the long work I am now engaged on—*Tropic of Capricorn*, of which

the first volume will appear this fall. I want to be read by less and less people: I have no interest in the life of the masses, nor in the intentions of the existing governments of the world. I believe and hope that the whole civilized world will be wiped out in the next hundred years or so. I believe that man can exist, and in an infinitely better, larger way, without "civilization."

To conclude about my books. *Aller Retour New York*, which is being reprinted this fall, is an authentic letter of 150 pages addressed to my friend Alfred Perles, and giving my impressions of America on revisiting it after a five years' absence. "Scenario," which is included in *Max and the White Phagocytes* (a collection of stories, essays and portraits), was an attempt at real cinema, via literature. I intend to write more scenarios which are unproducable, but which may establish some time in the

future a cinema which will be an art and not a dust-bin. The cinema of to-day is absolutely worthless, a time-killer, like the comic strip. France produces the best pictures, when they are good.

Next year I hope to see published a long study of D.H. Lawrence, called *The World of Lawrence*, which Knopf of N.Y. express a desire to print. It will be about Lawrence the apostle of a new way of life, rather than Lawrence the novelist. The real Lawrence, I feel, is still unknown and unaccepted. Especially in France and England. Also next year I hope to see published a book of a thousand pages, now almost finished, called *Hamlet*, written in collaboration with Michael Fraenkel (author of *Werther's Younger Brother* and *Bastard Death*), in the form of letters one to another. Shakespeare's Hamlet is used as a point of departure. It is a duel about the endless death

of the world.

For 1942 I promise the world a strange, mystical work, to be called *Draco and the Ecliptic*, inspired by Frederick Carter's *Dragon of the Apocalypse*, Lawrence's *Apocalypse*, *The Lost Horizon*, the writings of Laotse and 10,000 years of sadism and masochism which we call "civilization."

Aug. 3, 1938

Dear Cooney,

No time for a letter now, as I must rush to the boat with this. I write specially to ask *where* you were born and what blood you have besides Irish blood? And is that hour you gave (3 o'clock) in the afternoon or the morning? Do answer right away, by post-card, will you—and mark it to come on a fast boat, eh? I will appreciate it. *And*—if you have the circular material ready, try to send it along. We need that very badly. I feel lousy not being able to raise subscriptions—but how am I going to do anything—I can't write individual letters or go out and buttonhole people. I've done as much of that as I could.

I think I will be here in Paris all through August. If everything goes as I hope I'll be seeing you late this fall or early winter, on my way to Arizona. I'm just finishing the first volume of *Capricorn now*—it's colos-

sal! I feel I have given birth to something really great. I'll manage to get a copy to you soon as it's out—maybe I'll bring one with me. Kahane promises to bring it out in November.

I await your long letter about all the minor details. Curious to know if you were able to do anything about the letters and reviews of *Tropic of Cancer*. I'm damned sorry indeed to learn you have been ill. I'm writing everybody I know to come to your rescue. Please tell Fanny Rocker that I am going to mail her one of my water-colors shortly—I have one or two I hope she will like. And by best wishes to your wife. You will be seeing some friends of mine shortly, I think—and they may be of help to you.

As ever,
Henry Miller

I asked the English bookstore to send you *Lsot Horizon*. Hope you got it!

Villa Seurat
August 16th (1938)

Dear Cooney,

Received two batches of the *Phoenix* along with your long letter and the gift of the *Werther* book, which I appreciate. First of all, let me congratulate you on the make-up of the 2nd number—that cover is marvellous! And I enjoyed your diatribes against the magazines at the close—of course you won't have a friend left anywhere—but if you can make bitter enemies, that's just as good, maybe better. I think you are destined to do that. I am not going to quarrel with you about differing viewpoints. The main thing is to get things done. I think you need to swing the axe for a while—get it all out of your system. Then you can proceed calmly and steadily—and directly.

Will try to answer all the points you

raise, Money—that's the first thing. Am enclosing a five spot to help defray the expense of the stationery you were so kind as to make up for me. I'll send you the 15 dollars or so for the horoscope job, in driblets—tackle it only when you have received full payment. No hurry about it. The heartbreaking thing is that I never dreamed the brochure of letters and reviews would cost so much. It's my fault—I am not very practical. Cooney, believe me, I've never seen 165 dollars all at once—not in years and years. It's out of the question. I tried to induce Kahane to help share the expense, but he says he can't at present—he never can do anything for anybody but himself! I am thinking to write Laughlin, you must have a press of some kind, and find out what it could be done for by linotype on cheap paper. And if he would give me six months' credit! If he makes an interesting figure I

will ask you to send the stuff to him. Meanwhile, I will make an attempt to raise some money from people in America, who pretend to be interested in me. (I would prefer to give you the job, naturally—and I know you are giving me rock bottom figures. It's tragic to read of all your difficulties.)

Don't bother either about the "Open Letter to Surrealists"—it appears in the *Max book*. It would have been good for Marion Willard to print and use it as a tract, in connection with her art gallery, but apparently she's broke too. As for "Via-Dieppe-Newhaven", of course that was only a part of the mss. Saunders sent you. I'm assuming you will print my "Max" story in the 3rd number, so will send you the *Max* book, in which this "Dieppe-Newhaven" story occurs, next month when it comes out, and if you still think you can get away with it (you will

see why when you read it through) why yes, go ahead and print it—I would be pleased. You'll see that it is far better from where you left off. It has never appeared anywhere.

About the Gutkind review—I think you'd better shelve that for the time being. If you print a long story of mine that is quite enough—I don't want to hog it all. And Symons will do something about it, I'm sure. (Furthermore, from your various responses I am not so sure that *you* will like the book—you should have received it by now, incidentally. If not, ask Symons what is wrong.) But get in touch with Gutkind, won't you?

I'll speak to Fred Perles about a fragment from his new work—but who's to translate it? No, don't bother about printing the Goethe thing. About the Giono translation—I have written to Fluchere and am

waiting for a reply. He was ready to do it a couple of months back—don't know how he feels to-day—he has a tremendous. amount of work to do. So plan your autumn make-up as though you were *not* getting it—if I hear from him in time, then O.K.

About the Durrell pieces—*do please return them to me*, will you? We won't go into the merits of his writing now—some time when we meet. I'll be sending you his *Black Book* to read—it is just out. Perhaps Kahane has already sent it to you.

Dorothy Harvey ought to be Dorothy Dudley—try it! Other addresses you ask about: Hilaire Hiler, 6 Vinton Court, San Francisco, Barnet B. Ruder—20 East 49th St. N.Y., Kathleen Cannell—248 Boulevard Raspail, Paris (xiv). Mary Knight—don't know where she is—maybe Hiler will know—he's a friend of hers.

Kay Boyle is a touchy critter—she liked the *Phoenix*—but she doesn't like *me*! Nothing lost, however. I am returning the mss. you shipped back to me. Don't worry about hurting people's feelings—you're doing it constantly—and with authors, anyway, the best policy is to be frank. Better to say you don't like their work than to soft soap them—at least, I think so.

About getting people to help—students and such like. Listen Cooney, there are thousands of youngsters in America who would do that hack work for the love of it. How to find them? That's your problem. I signal for first attention that girl I met in Paris through you—Willa Percival—don't know where she is now. But write to James Wilson of the *Virginia Quarterly*—his daughter is a friend of hers. Ask Fraenkel to use his noodle in this matter—he has a sleek mind for such things. Why don't you

insert an announcement in the *Phoenix*, explaining the idea? I'm sure you'd get responses. But make sure you send a number of copies to the universities. Put a few posters up in book shops in and around N.Y. (Gotham Book Mart particularly. Ask the young lady there, who assists Miss Steloff—a Southern girl—I'm fairly sure she'd be interested in helping you.) Write Clarence Weinstock, 43 Morton St., N.Y. at my suggestion.

You never say what you think of the fragments I sent you from the Lawrence book—wonder if you would want to print any of them in the *Phoenix* some time? (Of course not the one in which I mention Frieda by name—that I will have to change eventually, I suppose. No need to hurt her—I don't know her, I wrote of her only from what I glean through the *Letters* and the novels.) Yes, I've been to Arizona and

New Mexico, but not for long. They are the two states I like best in America. I like the lonely places and the desert country. I think I'll be out there this winter.

I haven't seen any reviews of the *Phoenix* anywhere—but I have no clippings service and I don't read all the magazines which come to me—I try to read as little as possible. No doubt *Etudes Anglaises* printed something about the *Phoenix*—I will inquire.

Emmy Swan you'd better wait to hear from—she's a strange girl—not a very attractive person—but for some reason or other, why I don't know, she has been very good to me. I have written her all about you—she will turn up one day most likely. She is in Pa. now, working in the theatre—her hobby.

I see we have no music editor! Did you ever send a copy to my friend Harolde Ross

in Mankato? You can't do anything with Laughlin, by the way—he's a young bull in a china shop. Goes after big names, and really understands nothing. He would be dead against you anyway—thought I was crazy writing about Lawrence. He's a Social Credit man. Williams is a fine man personally, and in the old days he wrote interestingly. I don't care for his later works—too prosaic and bloodless and realistic for me.

And now about the *Hamlet* letters: again I have to say No. I can't possibly raise the necessary amount for my share of it. Fraenkel should realize this too, as only recently I wrote him with regard to the publication of the book, suggesting that I cede my royalties to him if he would bear the expense to the printing. Sometimes Fraenkel doesn't believe me. I can only repeat that I never have a hundred francs at a time in

my pocket, and seldom fifty. (A hundred francs is around 3 dollars. So figure it out. My food and rent is taken care of, yes. But cash—liquid cash—I never see it. Nobody pays me for my contributions. I am supposed to be thankful, I guess, that they print me. My royalties, which I get twice a year, last me one day only, as I always liquidate the outstanding debts immediately. Besides, I don't earn very much from my books—not enough to live on, at any rate. This is the truth, Cooney, and I hope you understand me. I have wasted an enormous amount of time and energy, in my enthusiasm, trying to get people to help me with funds for this thing and that. I give it up now. I can get all my books published through Kahane and I shall have to be content with that. The rest is in God's hands. And I haven't so much time ahead of me in which to write all that I mean to write. So

I am concentrating more and more on production, and leaving it to others to see that I am read. I think that is sensible, what?)

Once again, about the little job of the horoscope—do the cut as best you can, use cheap materials, and count on me to reimburse you fully. I'll always send you something extra when I can, don't worry.

About cuts—do you think it's such a good idea to run photographs of us in the *Phoenix*? Isn't it a bit precious? And the *Phoenix* looks so good without any illustrations. So sober and dignified. Really, think it over. I'd rather *not* see them used. (If anything, use your own, which is excellent—the one with the halo around your head. Did I ever tell you that you are the image of my grandfather, when he was young? Valentin Nieting from Darmstadt!)

I do hope Fraenkel will cooperate with you financially—he could do a great deal

for you. I had a letter from him this morning, saying that Stieglitz was very much interested in the *Phoenix*—excellent! I think the old duffer is a bore, a real pain in the ass, but he can do you a lot of good. And keep in touch with Marian Willard—I never met her, but I have a hunch she is a good soul—she sounds kindly and sympathetic. I'm not writing Fraenkel immediately—over my head in work now. But tell him not to worry his socks off about that guy Dahlberg of *Twice a Year*. I'm not thinking of him at all. They keep writing me for my work and they never do anything. Dahlberg doesn't mean anything in my life, nor his woman editor either. I can't get het up about these things.

Incidentally, I noticed you inserted that announcement about the *Diary* of Anais Nin. Better not run that any more. We have called it off temporarily, as there is a N.Y.

publisher who seems to want to do the whole job. And, what about the other fragment from the diary—which we thought you would run first? The introductory bit about the coming of her father?

Well, Cooney, I think that covers about everything. I hope you have the guts to continue, despite all the handicaps. *The Phoenix* is about the best-looking magazine in America, I think. You'll be hearing from Anais also—I think there will be a little surprise for you in her letter. My best wishes to Blanche and to Fanny Rocker.

About the new life you write about—no, not for me! My sole ambition is to be alone. I can exist most anywhere—especially in a big city. Or else in a desert, strangely enough. I've come to the conclusion that everything depends on myself, my own inner attitude. I'm happy most anywhere, if there are not too many friends

around. But I think, if you need to go off, if you need to do these things you say, by all means you should do it. Each one has his own way of working out his destiny. There is no scheme which will fit all of us. If you get banged around enough you'll discover sooner or later that most of the problems which you thought came from without come from within. You take root anywhere once you begin to be yourself completely. Taking root you change the climate around you. All the efforts you make to change the world about you comes back on you finally, and you find that it is yourself have changed. We have to live in the world and be of it, and at the same time above it—beyond all antitheses. It takes a lifetime to learn this—but that's all there is to learn, in my opinion. It's very simple, but life is made up of detours. Everybody knows what he wants, if he gets quiet inside, but

few people are willing to do what they want. People are always talking about what they "must" do. Do what you like! that's my motto. And if you do that you take a lot of stink out of the world. Try it!

Once again, about the money problem—I'm mortified. I don't forget you ever. And thanks for everything.

Henry Miller

Aug. 23, 1938

Dear Cooney,

Anais left her letter of explanation with me in order to add a few words of my own regarding your horoscope, as I am the one who sees Moricand the astrologer regularly, and he explained a number of things to me about your theme which his language perhaps did not make altogether clear. I think Anais has stated it excellently—if it doesn't make sense to you then it is because you are not yet sufficiently interested in the subject.

I thought it might be well, however, to say what astrology purports to give—basing my statements on the closing paragraphs of Moricand's book. Here it is, briefly . . . Astrology does not aim to give a realistic portrait, a photographic likeness, so to speak, but rather a genetic portrait ("portrait matricule"—from "matrix").

On this atomic being, so to speak, an individual, by reason of his temperament and his hereditary endowments, embroiders the personality whom we meet in life. Every individual is composed of an endless forest of symbols which are to be read artistically, not scientifically. Looking at the graph enclosed, a man versed in the ancient knowledge of astrology, gets immediately a vision of the person under consideration. It is almost a mistake to translate this symbolic picture into words, because the real purpose of astrology is to undo the conceptual image of man, based on science, religion and psychology, and restore the symbolic image which is capable of endless interpretation and is inexhaustible. All astrologic judgments are relative, not arbitrary. They teach us that it is not in seeking to explain that we understand more, but in seeking to describe. Astrology therefore is a system of

coordinates which a man might refer to about his life just as a mariner refers to the compass and sextant. It gives the cardinal points, the relationships and the climate in which the individual moves. A man can transcend his destiny by fulfilling himself, i.e., by realizing that the limits and potentialities of his being are infinite; he does not transcend it by ignoring these, or hoping to surpass them. By living in accordance with one's nature, not in defiance of it, one transcends himself.

As Anais points out, you are indeed complex and mysterious. I might give a further clue by pointing out that in the graph you will observe that your sun and your Jupiter, two very important planets, are without aspect, that is to say, play no role, or are stifled, imprisoned. In everybody's life, according to an old saying, opportunity knocks once at a man's door. This point of

chance is indicated by a circle within which there is a cross—you will see it in the sign Libra. It came towards your 29th year. You must know if this is so or not, and if you have taken advantage of it. Moricand is of the opinion that what you are now doing, this work which you have mapped out for yourself, is eminently suited to you and will afford you a means of liberation.

May I add a word or two on my own? As much as possible you should stop fighting with people—for your own sake. It is a waste of valuable energy and gets you nowhere. The conflict with the world about you is only a sign of an inner conflict, a projection of it. You have, as already said, three layers of personality—the deepest one you have not yet plumbed. That is where you will meet yourself face to face. And when you touch that you will have direction and radiate from a permanent,

unconquerable center. You have a strong religious sense but you confuse it with idealism. No mystic was ever in accord with the Church, just as no rebel is ever in accord with society. But one must be in accord with himself, then the other things take care of themselves.

A word or two about the death theme, because in your horoscope Mars, Jupiter and the Sun figure in your eighth house, which is the house of death. According to the old Hindu notion, death is not annihilation but an expansion of the consciousness. Your cosmic sense is so strong that it leads you beyond life; you've got to struggle to keep yourself in life. In other words there is a perpetual conflict between inner and outer means of realization—far beyond any question of subsistence or social adaptation. I hazard the opinion that the primary reason for your desire to go off and start a new life

is in order to come to grips with yourself. You may disagree with me, but it is my belief that no man alters the world profoundly by external pressure, by working on the periphery. The world *is* profoundly altered every time a man roots himself solidly in the earth and acts out his own inner nature—when he makes the dream real. Each man is a world and not just a part of the world. We open up to reality, not to other individuals. We are never alone when we acquire a sense of sphericity. Man has his life as microcosm in the macrocosm—not in society, not in isolation, not in doing, but in *being*.

I wonder if this makes any sense to you. Anyway, the horoscope is not something to believe in—it is a picture made with symbols. It is based on a moment of time which is set forth in relation to your particular being. In this moment the whole cosmos had not

only a certain configuration, but a certain trend or direction. The coordinates, which make up your graph, give the symbolic picture of the world's process of becoming and you figure in it as a vital part, not just an animate excrescence.

Enclose a little review of *Phoenix* from *Etudes Anglaises* which just arrived. Do send me some more copies of *Phoenix*, will you? Little by little, as you have been doing. And I'll be sending you some dough little by little too.

As ever,
Henry Miller

Received the dope on your hour and race *after* horoscope was made. Moricand chose 3:00 p.m. instead of 3:00 a.m.—because it seemed the right hour. He was correct.

Villa Seurat
August (1938)

Dear Cooney,

Just received a letter from Fluchere saying he would not be (able) to do the "Giono" thing until about (two) months hence—and then willingly. I think you'd better let him know yourself if he should do it then—as it would be embarrassing if he should do it and you not able to print it.

I expect to leave day after to-morrow for a couple of weeks rest in the prehistoric Cave region of France—the Dordogne. Will send you some post-cards of the rock drawings by the Cro-Magnon men.

Address me c/o Obelisk Press temporarily.

Regards,
Henry Miller

Villa Seurat
Nov. 10, 1938

Just a quick one, Cooney me lad, to inquire if Laughlin ever got in touch with you about the *Letters and Reviews* of *Tropic*, which I wanted him to give a price on. If not, may I trouble you to ship them back to me registered mail? I think I can get it done in Belgium now, on credit.

I enclose a letter from Janko Lavrin, professor of the college in Nottingham (wasn't that Lawrence's birthplace?). He has written some remarkable books on Dostoievski, Strindberg, Nietzsche and other demonic writers. I am telling him to forward his manuscript direct to you. I tell everybody that now, as I am not sure that we see eye to eye about the material for *Phoenix*—and there's no use saying "yes" to somebody if you don't agree with me. This is not a reproach—just the fact of the

matter. And in no wise a deterrent. I hope you are going on. I expect to mail you a little dough, a bill, registered mail tomorrow. Towards the horoscope pamphlet. If you can spare a few more copies of the second issue I would appreciate getting them—people are asking me for them and I have none. Have referred a number of people to you direct. Did you ever hear from that girl who looked me up in Paris, the friend of the daughter of James Wilson, *Virginia Quarterly*? She might be of help to you—was a very friendly, willing and enthusiastic person—willing to *work* for the *Phoenix* with her own hands.

If ever you get any extra clippings about the *Phoenix*, let me see them, will you? Have never seen a single criticism of it.

More soon. My best to you all.

Henry

Dec. 17th (1938)

Dear Cooney—

Just had a letter from Miss Steloff of the Gotham Book Mart saying that she had suggested your publishing *Tropic of Cancer* serially in *The Phoenix*. I urge you *not* to do that—you will only get yourself in a hell of a mess! And besides, to reproduce anything now you would have to have Laughlin's permission, since he has the American rights to all my work. But the main thing is the impracticableness of it.

Haven't heard from you in ages. Never got any copy of No. 3. Is it out? And you no doubt are waiting to get some money from me. I am still broke, absolutely flat, but expecting a miracle every day. And soon as I touch it I will send you it, believe me. You should have received two or three subscriptions by now—from London, Paris and Switzerland. Advised people to send

money straight to you. Am hoping to leave for a trip soon. Better write me c/o Obelisk Press.

As ever,
Henry Miller

Villa Seurat
April 1939

Dear Cooney—

Not much to add to my note to Fraenkel. Time presses and the primary thing seems to be to get out with a whole skin. If by miracle we escape the impending catastrophe I shall go back to Paris and make plans to come to America. Only then I might be able to get some of my belongings out. I still hope to go to Arizona and finish the *Lawrence* book there. I was obliged to leave all the Lawrence material in a black valise with Kahane. That might be well for you to know in case anything happens to me—because even though the work was nowhere finished there is a vast amount of material in preparation—notes especially—which in itself would make an interesting document. I have written to Huntington Cairns, the censor at Washington, as to just

where my mss. are and what they are, etc. And my friend Emil Schuellock at Orange, Va. has a lot of valuable data from, on, and about me.

I regret not having thought to take down from the wall the last water-color I made (a sort of Beethoven head)—it is the best I ever made. There is also a large one of Anais (with the map of Paris streets used as papier colle' for the coiffure)—that was standing on the shelf at the Villa Seurat when I left for the South. You see, I thought I would take a bit of a vacation while the wrangling went on. I expected to return to the Villa Seurat. Fortunately I packed my things—and I am quite sure Anais has taken them to Kahane's office.

I feel badly about leaving—it seems a bit cowardly—but I am no soldier and would croak the first day of pneumonia or something like that. And besides, I don't feel it's

my quarrel. I think if I were the head of a government I could patch it up—perhaps ignominiously, but I could reach a solution. Hitler is absolutely crazy, no doubt about it—but he should be dealt with that way and not as a responsible person. We may yet see something spectacular within the German nation—they must realize dimly that they are once again in a desperate hole—once again confronted by the whole world in arms. Maybe we'll carry on from Woodstock.

Yours,
Henry

New York City
March 1st (1940)

Dear James and Blanche Cooney,

I have been back in this country several weeks now and thought of you both often. It is very unlikely that I shall get up to Woodstock for some time to come, but should you ever be coming to New York, won't you let me know a bit in advance and perhaps we might meet somewhere. (It is possible too that I'll be going South shortly.) Anyway, the place to reach me is care of The Gotham Book Mart—that's my only secure address.

I saw Fraenkel recently and Leonard Robinson and his wife, and we spoke of you at length. My reasons for writing you is not to attempt to resume literary relationships, but simply to let you know that I have still the friendliest feeling for you both and wish you well. I hear that you are in bad circum-

stances and am deeply sorry. There isn't anything I can do materially at present, unfortunately. I saw my parents the other day and found them in quite terrible straits. I am at my wits' end trying to find ways and means to aid them.

This then is just to wish you good luck. I usually bring good luck to people, you know. You've worked like a Trojan and I believe you will reap the reward before very long.

Henry Miller